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MARY KALE; or,
BIG THUNDER/
Chief of the Anti-Renters.

By Tom Shortfellow
Boston, Gleason, 1845

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LOS ANGELES

MARY KALE;

OR,

BIG THUNDER!

CHIEF OF THE

ANTI-RENTERS.

~~~~~  
BY TOM SHORTEFELLOW,  
Author of "The Lady of the Cabin," "Evelyn of Allegne Cliff," &c.

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BOSTON:
F. GLEASON, PUBLISHER,
11-2 TREMONT ROW.
1845.

MARY KALE;

OR

BIG THUNDER!

CHIEF OF THE

ANTI-SLAVERS.

BY TOM SHOOTER, NOW
Editor of the "Free Press" of New York City.

BOSTON:
J. GILSON, PUBLISHER,
125 NASSAU ST.
1845.

TO THE READER.

"They unto whom we shall appear tedious are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure."

HOOVER.

To mingle fiction with truth, doth seem almost a profanation. It seems like uniting Time with Eternity—weakness with power—the sordid thoughts of men with the immutable laws of God—the low grovelings of Earth with the truths of Heaven. Yet the *true* and *false* are strangely mingled in the Almighty hand. We find them on the same broad platform—we met them at every turn, oftentimes hand joined in hand, falsehood so disguised that it seems a twin to truth. So it is permitted;—for what end, God, in his Providence has not seen fit to reveal to man. But that they are made to work together for *ultimate good*, there can be no doubt. So believe of our story. If we have mingled *fiction* with *truth* in the *little cup* we now offer, it is to show how passion may sometimes degrade a noble heart—how prejudice may blindly lead a man to false conclusions; and, if persisted in, will assuredly produce unhappy results.—Then ; -

"For us, and for our" story,
"Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.

"They hate whom we shall appoint leaders in no wise injured by us
because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not
willing to endure."

HOOVER

"To mighty action with truth both seem almost a prohibition. It seems
like nothing I can with dignity—women with power the world
of men with the immortal laws of God—the low morality of
earth with the truths of Heaven. Yet the two are strangely
mingled in the Almighty hand. We find them on the same level plan-
form—we meet them at every turn, obedient hand joined to hand, fair-
ness so glorified that it seems a twin to truth. So it is permitted;
for what end God in His Providence has not seen fit to reveal to man.
But that they are made to work together for ultimate good, there can be no
doubt. So believe of our duty. If we have mingled duties with truth in
the dark map we now offer, it is to show how passion may sometimes de-
grade a noble heart—how propriety may slightly lead a man in false em-
ployments; and if perceived as will naturally produce unhappy results—
Then:

"For us and for our story,
"Here stooping to your courtesy,
We beg your hearing gently."
THE AUTHOR

MARY KALE;
OR,
BIG THUNDER;
CHIEF OF THE ANTI-RENTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water, yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fever'd lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
'Tis a little to speak some common word
Of comfort, which hath almost lost its use ;
Yet on the ear of him who thought to die
Unmourned, 'twill fall like choicest music.

[From the Tragedy of Ion.

"Let him not come here ! Let him beware !" These words were spoken by an old man as he stood resting from his labor, leaning upon his hoe ;— called forth by his eye falling on a young man dressed in a gay huntsman's coat, with a gun on his shoulder, who emerged from the woods and took the road at no great distance from him. "Let him not come here, or I may read him a lesson that will last him for many a day to come." The speaker was about fifty years of age, though his locks, bleached by exposure, and his frame bowed by toil, spoke him older. He was dressed in a pair of coarse tow pants, a shirt of the same cloth, (though of a finer texture,) open at the collar, displaying a neck and chest of great strength, and manly proportion. His feet and head were bare, having thrown aside an old straw hat, feeling it too heavy in the heat of his labor. He watched the young man as he wound his way up a steep hill, not once taking his eye from him till he disappeared within a neat little cottage standing on its summit, when turning away and wiping the perspiration from his brow,

he muttered, (as if some other being was associated with him in his thoughts,) "he means her no good—let him beware." The old man resumed his work, though with a brow troubled, and anxiety written in every line of his care-worn face; and as he toiled on, ever and anon he would turn an inquiring look in the direction of his home.

It was October, yet the weather was warm and mellow, summer having taken its second flight, and as the sun went down leaving his smiles on the western sky, clothing it in azure and purple, John Kale, (for that was the old man's name,) having finished his hard day's work, took his way towards his home. His step, though firm, was slow and measured, and his eyes when raised from the ground, were turned in the direction of the cottage on the hill. When he came to the garden wall that surrounded his lowly dwelling, he stopped and leaned upon it, his elbows resting upon the wall, and his hard bony hands supporting his head. His face was still turned towards the cottage, as 'twas his greatest foe, and feared to turn his back upon it. While yet he looked, his attention was attracted by the graceful gambols of a hound at play. Its fellow was a man, and as he lay upon his back, the dog would sweep off some two or three rods, and then come back again, with a yelp jump high in the air, and over the prostrate body of the man, and stopping at nearly the same distance on the other side, face about. With a yelp the hound came back again, and failing to clear the man, was caught in his embrace, and man and dog rolled together upon the sward.

"Father," said a sweet plaintive voice, and at the same time a hand was laid gently upon the old man's shoulder.

"I was thinking of thee, child," said Kale, his face losing a part of its sternness as his eyes rested upon the innocent face of his daughter.

"I hope they were happy thoughts, dearest father."

"Mary!" said the old man in a voice that caused the girl to start and drop her hand from his shoulder, "he has come back again!"

"George?" she exclaimed, as if that name was uppermost in her thoughts, her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Mr Arlin," replied Kale in the same cold and even tone. "You must not see him, Mary!"

"Father!"

"I have said it; *you must not see him!* He knew from me last spring that his intentions to you were anything but pleasing to me."

"Did you tell him so?"

"Yes, did I."

"And what said he, father?"

"He asked to know the *cause* of my prejudice."

"And you told him——"

"What I may tell him again, if needs must be so; but I trust he will be wise, and not come between me and my duty. I hate these flirting *lads* who look upon themselves as a few choice spirits of earth, like the patches

of vegetation scattered here and there upon the bosom of a boundless desert, drawing their life and vigor from the waste around. I hate those who feel themselves too good to herd with the common herd, and yet shrink not from robbing the poor man's garden of its sweetest flower. Were it left to me I would rid society of them!"

"So say the anti-rent men; have they persuaded you to join their ranks, father?" she asked, looking him up in the face, her own expressing the deepest concern.

"No, child, no! I will not consent to wrong because wrong exists in society—I will not do wrong that good may come of it; but I must feel for those who work from early dawn till late at night for scarcely enough to satisfy the rapacity of the *lordly rent-gatherer*, while their families are starving at home."

"Are they to be blamed for being born rich? The rents are their lawful due."

"Was England to blame for being our mother country? Assuredly not. But she must impose upon us oppressive taxes—she must treat us as slaves rather than men; *all lawfully* done, for which, her indignant colonies most, unlawfully whipped her. Who is there now to blame them for it? Understand me, I do not blame men for their wealth, but for their unworthy use of it—I would not punish their wealth, but their vices—I would have them remember the injunctions of holy writ, where much is given, much is required. I would have them grateful for what they possess, and give its best efforts to the wants around them, instead of oppressing the humble poor."

"Your prejudice against George must spring from his station in life, as you can know nothing derogatory to his character."

"I judge of him by others of his class—What does he here? If he seeks a *wife* why does he leave his own circle in the city? The eagle seeks not to mate with the dove, nor the son of an aristocrat with a poor man's daughter. He means thee false, Mary!"

"Father!"

"Oh, his words are fair, no doubt! Falsehood ever shows a smiling face, and hypocrisy delights in oily phrases—nay, not a word more. I have heard enough. Let him beware how he tempts me; it would spoil his beauty to lose his ears!"

"I never thought you harsh till now, father."

"I am harsh only to be kind. Think you I can stand idly by and see my child dishonored?"

"Dishonored, father! your confidence is weak in your child! You know her not!"

"Forgive me, Mary! I know I wronged you—I know you are above suspicion; but virtue will not save thee a broken heart. You must forget this boy for one of your own degree; there are not a few of them that would

be happy with the alliance. Among the foremost stands Jerry Huss."

Kale knew not that Huss had that day plead his suit with all the eloquence he was master of, and had been dismissed without one word of encouragement, and, as he brought forward the name of the discarded knight, he watched the telltale countenance of his daughter, to see how it would stand with him, but not a muscle moved in her sweet face when she asked,

"Would you wed me to Jerry Huss?"

"And why not? He is handsome."

"Yes."

"Brave?"

"I grant it."

"Good?"

"Perhaps!"

"Keenly alive to the misery around him."

"I see in his actions, more the desire of notoriety, than sympathy for the oppressed. Know *you* of no reason why he should not wed your daughter?"

"None!"

"And you would have me marry him?"

"With your consent."

"Then hear me!" she said, her eyes flashing with the indignation she felt for the object of their discourse. "If ever I wed against my will—if ever I give my hand without my heart—if ever I bind myself to a man I despise so utterly as I do Jerry Huss—then desert me *heaven!*"

"Spoken like my child!"

"I will not wed against your will, father; neither will I be *forced* to wed against my own."

Their conversation was interrupted by an arrival extraordinary.

"Come along T'ge, come along," said a voice in broad Irish accents, "hoop—p—p!" and over the wall came the man and his dog, "By the powers, Misthur Tige, Michael Flynn couldn't have done the thing better himself. And is it there ye are, Miss——?" he said, seeing Mary, uncovering his head and bowing with marked comical gravity, "God bless yer pretty face! Ah! yer honor, top of the evening to ye," he continued, giving Kale one of his side-long bows, "I hope the Lord has gin ye hilt for the last half year."

"We have been pretty well, Michael" answered Mary, seeing her father's brow darken, "I suppose you have seen much to amuse you, since you were here in the spring."

"Amuse, is it? By the powers, a devil a bit. My masthur had it all to himself. There was nothin' for poor paddy to do, but black boots, dust coats, squaze the bottles for a drop ov the craythur, and do the like to the darlins when they come to take away the decanthurs."

"But you could enjoy the prospect at Niagara, could you not, as well as your master?"

"Is it there where all the wathers in Ameriky rins over one mill-dam?"

"Yes," answered Mary, laughing."

"And its jist nothin' at all, at all."

"No?"

"A divil a bit—O yer should see one ov the raal bogs of Ireland."

"Are they so very terrific, Michael?"

"And is it tir—tirrific ye say? May the saints defend us! Ye wouldn't terry long an, an' ye got in one, ony how."

The dog who had been playing around Kale, licking his hand, and otherwise trying to attract his notice, finding his efforts lost, turned to his more gentle companion, who patted him on his head and graceful neck.

"Och, he's a swate crathur," said Michael, who felt as proud of attention shown his dog as to himself. "He's as gintle and kind as a famale woman, but 'whin he goes afthur the birds, he's as uggly as the divil, ivery bit of him. Stan' up, Misther Tige, and shake hands with the lady—up ye spalpeen, and don't be afthur being modist now. Thit's right, now spake."

"Can he talk, Michael?"

"Sure he can. Spake ye divil!"

"Bow, wow, wow!" said the dog.

"Isn't his voice swate, Miss?"

"Very, I should think."

"Now, Misthur Tige," continued Michael, shake hands with his honor."

The dog stood upon his hind feet and presented his paw to Kale, who, though grouty, could not show ill will towards the dog. Therefore, stooping, he took the delighted animal by the paw. Michael taking advantage of Kale's stooping posture, slipped a note into his daughter's hand. Mary's heart told her who was the author of the note, and she felt she ought not to receive it after her promise to her father; but love and the desire to know what it contained, conquered; and quickly placing the note in her bosom, she disappeared within the house.

"Michael," said Kale for the first time breaking silence, now that his daughter had left them. "What brings you back again?"

"Me! and shure didn't I cum along with my masthur?"

"Well, well! What brought him here?"

"A stage coach brought him, sur, with mysilf and misther Tige on the top!"

"But will you tell me for what *purpose* he is here?" asked Kale, sharply, his patience nearly exhausted.

"Faith, an' I would yer honor, but ye see—ye see—"

"See what?"

"Ye see, I don't know, yer honor."

Then tell your master from me, that if he would save himself and my family much trouble, he will avoid my house. Tell him in short that we don't wish to see him."

"Is it to me ye are tarkin'—me that has dined in the most ginteelest kitchens in Ameriky, and would ye be afthur having me do the thing so unginteel—and to my own dear masthur, too? Och, ye blarney! till him yerself, an' ye will."

"I only wished to give him a word of caution," said Kale, "I should advise him not to get caught prowling around my house—let him look to it!" saying which, he left the astonished Irishman, and entered the house.

"Misthur Tige, did ye mind what the ould divil sed? By the powers, did he take us for a pair of Irish clodhoppers, as we are, that we should be afthur telling our masthur the like? Och, the blackguard! Come along, Misthur Tige, an' we'll not hear any more of his blarney."

CHAPTER II.

"I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love."

[Shakespeare.

The sun had gone to rest, and the stars came out one by one, holding their eternal vigil over the earth and affairs of men; and the moon came up, the full round moon, casting her rays of silver-light o'er hill and dale, forest and river, o'er wild pastures and waving corn, rendering the good town of G——, a scene to delight the elfin queen. In one corner of John Kale's garden there stood a rural arbor of lattice-work, run over with creeping vines; which however had lost their freshuess, and most of their leaves had gone to parts unknown. The moon-beams struggle through the withered branches, lighting up the interior. There are voices within—let us listen.

"I am doing very wrong to meet you here to-night, George, but I could not resist your kind letter, and the desire to see you once again, before we part perhaps forever."

"Who talks of parting?"

"It is I, George! it is inevitable; father will not consent to your visits any longer."

"Fathers, always have strong hearts," said George with some bitterness, "they seem to forget now, that time has laid its chilling hand upon their affections—now that the frost of old age has extinguished the fire of younger years—now that their blood runs sluggishly in their veins—I say that

they seem to forget that it ever bounded with freer joy—that a bright flame once burned in their hearts, lighting their affections to one altar, and one *alone*. And they are selfish too; they stick to their prejudices, though they prove the tomb of their children's happiness."

"You mistake my father," replied Mary, "he is doing what he thinks will promote my happiness. He looks upon all rich people through the same coloring that infatuates the age. He believes them heartless and selfish, he believes they look upon the humbler class as only fit for their use; and, though they should swear that their motives are pure, he would not believe it. All this he attributes to their education. He mistrusts their motives; he doubts them all; in short, he believes your motive in visiting *me*, any thing but good!"

The young man's eyes flashed indignantly at the charge, but overcoming his *hauteur*, he mildly replied, "your father knows but little of men, or he would learn not to judge of the few by the many. He would learn to judge of each particular tree by its fruit; he would see that there are some though *rich* who would spurn a base action; that good *may* come out of Nazareth. I say not this in pride to laud my own virtues, but to convince you that whatever my faults may be, I have none towards thee."

"I believe it!" said the lovely girl, and the thought that she must give up that noble and generous heart—resign the only being she ever loved, perhaps forever, brought tears to her eyes, and, leaning her head upon his bosom, she wept like a child.

"Do not weep, Mary," said her lover, kissing her fair forehead. "All this can be got over. If your father sticks only at my wealth, it shall not make us unhappy."

She looked up through her blinding tears incredulously into the young man's face, as if not willing to guess the meaning of his words. "I do not understand you, George," she said.

"You are of infinite more value to me than my wealth, Mary, and if I must give up one or the other, I'll let go the wealth. I'll turn farmer—I'll earn my bread and your's, as lowly as does himself. If he will not let me raise you to my station, I'll descend to yours. Will that content him, Mary?"

"And if it contents *him*, it will not me. As much as I love you, George, I will not consent to that extremity."

"I should do it, Mary, knowing what I did—I should do it feeling assured that I should find an ample equivalent in thy bright and happy smiles, thy full heart of rich affection, thy true and trusting love. What is wealth compared with happiness with thee?"

"Dear George, how happy we should be! Why, why, is it ordained otherwise?"

"It is not, dearest. In heaven we are united, our vows are recorded by the finger of divine truth; and should man dash away the cup of happiness prepared for us by angels?—shall a father by unceasing prejudice and un-

tiring hate, destroy the happiness of his child? Forbid it love! In some other country we can be happy—let us away—let us fly ——”

In the eagerness of his words, he had folded her to his heart; and, in the happiness of the moment, she rested her head upon his manly breast, forgetful of the future, forgetting *all*, save their mutual loves. But when he counselled her to fly, she released herself from his embrace, and looking him up in the face, the expression of her own lacking none of its former tenderness, she asked,

“Do you know what you are saying? Do you in sober earnestness counsel me to fly with you?”

“And why not?” replied the impassioned youth. “Shall we not have the same sky over us, the same moon to light our path, the same stars to watch our slumbers? Shall we not breathe the same pure breath of heaven? And the same Earth, will it not produce us food and flowers?”

“Should I have my father, George?”

The young man stood reproved.

“Can I leave that old man, now; My father, the author of my being? He that has toiled early and late for my sustenance—he that would lay down his life as he has spent his strength, for my happiness—can I do this? Can I leave my mother? She that watched over the helpless infant and guessed its wants by the instinct of its mother’s bosom—she that first taught its infant tongue to lisp the fond names of *father*, *mother*—she that first taught her child to listen to the teachings of that holy book, that sayeth, honor thy father and mother, and listen to their counsels? And now that that mother is old, herself as helpless as was the infant that once drew nourishment from her bosom—now that she looks to that child, that *only* child for her support, can it leave her to fill a childless grave? Say, do you counsel me to do this?”

“No, Mary, no! forgive me, forgive my selfishness. But must this be the end of all?”

“For the present, yes; at some future day when my father sees he has wronged you—when he sees his daughter’s happiness depends upon it, he may give his consent.”

“But, think you his dislike of me is the only bar to his consent? Think you he has no other in prospect for you?”

“I think he would be glad to have me marry some one else, though he would not force my inclinations.”

“Has he proposed any one to you?”

“Yes, to-day.”

“And who is the favored man?”

“You will laugh—Jerry Huss!”

“What, he that acts the bully?”

“Even so!”

“I am astonished that your father should seriously think of that man. It is thought he takes an active part with the Indians.”

"I feared it."

"It is believed it was he that applied the tar to the Sheriff last June."

"My father would not believe it. He believes that Jerry Huss like himself, feels a warm sympathy for the anti-renters, but he would not believe that he would join that lawless band, the terror of the country."

"I should like well to see him, what does he look like?"

"Like a man; though I should as soon think of loving an Indian, as him."

"Did he ever make you any overtures?"

"Never till to-day. When I refused him, he left me in a passion."

There was a noise without like the breaking of the dry branches among the vines, which caused the girl to turn pale and grasp her lover's arm.

"I can stay here no longer, George," she said, "I slipped out unobserved and may be missed."

"They will not be alarmed about you, Mary."

"Indeed I can stay no longer; but George," she continued, her voice trembling with emotion, "it may be many years before we meet again; you will go to your home in the city—you will mingle in society, where you will meet others more engaging, more accomplished, more ——"

"And with but half of your truthfulness," interrupted George. "Do not fear for me, Mary, judge of me by the standard in your *own* heart. If that proves true, so believe me." Saying which, he took from his bosom a small gold chain, attached to which was his miniature, and throwing it over her neck he said, "keep it as a talisman, Mary."

"I have no keepsake for you George, unless it be this poor ribbon around my waist."

"The very thing I would have of all others," he said, placing the ribbon around his neck beneath his vest. "Nestle close to the heart that will not part with thee except with life, or the loss of reason."

Scarcely had he uttered the last sentence, when the entrance to the arbor was darkened by the presence of Kale. Stern and silently the old man regarded his daughter, who cowering under his reproving glances, threw herself at his feet. Kale raised her up as he said, "you have deceived me, Mary."

"Forgive me, father! it was for the last time, forgive me," and she sunk sobbing on her father's bosom.

"Mr. Arlin," said Kale, his voice hoarse with passion, "this time you are safe; beware how you tempt me further! Come, my child;" and so they parted.

George watched the retreating footsteps of Kale and his daughter till they entered their humble dwelling, and turning away with a sinking heart, he took the way towards his home. He had not proceeded far, when, as if by enchantment a man appeared in the path before him. The moon shone brightly, revealing the tall, broad outline of the man, a very giant. George Arlin was not easily intimidated, and though his opponent apparently, was

greatly his superior in bodily strength, and though the place was lonely and the meeting suspicious, yet he felt no alarm. He was one that would willingly avoid a quarrel, however, and stepping on one side, he attempted to pass on. The figure left the path in the same direction and still debarred his passage.

"Well, sir devil, or whoever you may be, what want you with me?" asked George with as much calmness as he could command. "Why do you stop my path?"

The figure made no reply.

"Have you no tongue? Who are you, what your purpose? If you want money, here's my purse, so let me go!"

"Pshaw! I want not you money."

"Why do you stop me then?"

"To hear you rant."

"You'll have your labor for your pains, then; for I'll not gratify you."

"I had one other motive, friend."

"And what might that be, *friend*!" asked George, emphasizing the last word.

"It might be to see which was the strongest man—oh, don't be alarmed, that was not it."

"And if it were, I fear you not."

"Don't brag, friend, when there's no occasion for it. I hate brags, 'tis a sure sign of cowardice; besides, as I said before, that was not it."

"You are devilish provoking."

"There I told you, you would rant."

"In the name of the devil, will you tell me why you stopped me?"

"Don't mention that gentleman, and I will. It was to make your acquaintance."

"And pray what know you of me, that you wish to make my acquaintance?"

"Very little 'faith; I wish to know more."

"But why do you take this extraordinary way to bring it about?"

"My dear friend, just put a stopper on your questions, and let me win your confidence by confiding to you a little secret. You must know—but it is a secret, you understand?"

"I shall make no promises of secrecy."

"But it concerns a dear and mutual friend of ours,"

"Pshaw! will you out with it?"

"Well, you must know, then, that I have a disease of the head, which

"A slight weakness in the upper story, is it not sir?" interrupted George.

"I beg of you not to interrupt me, and you shall see. As I was saying, I have a certain disease of the head, for which the physicians advise exercise in the open air. Not wishing to disturb our good neighbors with my daily rambles, I take them nightly. To-night happening to pass by a cer-

tain arbor standing in the garden of neighbor Kale, I heard voices that attracted my attention. Being a little curious to know what was going on, I got close beneath the vines at the back, and listened to as pretty a — I beg you wouldn't interrupt me ——”

“Go on, go on, sir.”

“Well, as it won't interest you much, I'll pass over the billing and cooing, and come to the point. In the course of the conversation they spoke of a certain man by the cognomen of Huss, Jerry Huss. The gentleman expressed his desire to see the aforesaid Huss; therefore I waited your coming, to introduce to you the *bully*! He stands before you!”

“And you overheard all that was said?” asked George with remarkable coolness.

“Every word of it,” replied Huss.

“And was so kind as to wait expressly to inform me of it?”

“Even so.”

“Then take that for your pains,” said George, and he dealt Jerry a blow under the chin, that sent him reeling backwards. Recovering himself, Huss with the ferocity of a tiger sprang at the young man's throat, while one hand clutched the handle of his dagger. Quickly changing his mind, however, he released the dagger, muttering, “not yet, not yet!” And with the strength of a giant he threw George from him, who in his backward thrust got his feet entangled with some roots of trees in his path, and fell upon his back. Regaining his feet, he sprang for his adversary, but he had vanished. Disappearing in the same mysterious manner that he appeared, leaving his rival to take his way home at his pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

HOR.—“Have after.—To what issue will this come?”

MAR.—“Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.”

HOR.—“Heaven will direct it.”

[Hamlet—Act 1st.]

The lands lying in Albany, Rensselaer, Schoharie, Columbia, Montgomery, Schenectady, Ulster, Greene, Otsego, Delaware and Sullivan Counties, and in the whole State of New York, were originally granted to superior grantees in large tracts or manors by king James 1st, for them to parcel out to a tributary tenantry. Such grants were consistent with the principles and spirit manifested and sustained in the old world. The revolution, however, wrought a radical change in the feelings of men. By the constitution all men were declared free and equal; the sovereign power of the

States was restored to the people themselves; and each individual at a lawful age became a part of *that* sovereign power. This as before expressed, wrought a healthful change—the yeomanry alive to their own importance began to think and act for themselves—they were no longer slaves—their eyes were open, and the light that broke in upon their minds caused them to hate and repudiate every thing that reminded them of the galling chains they had contrived to throw off. It is not strange then, that the large landholders, who, by joining in the revolution thus secured their estates from confiscation, were looked upon by their numerous tenantry as their tyrants. But they were men (for the most part, of principle—men who, though they asserted and maintained their equality as citizens, knew themselves not to be the owners of the soil, and were content to look forward to the day, when by dint of industry and penny-savings they should have accumulated a sufficient sum to buy off their landlords. But when that day came round, and they went forward as many of them did, with the effects of their hard toil in their hands—they were repulsed by their haughty landlords. This had the tendency to awaken feelings of hatred on the part of the tenantry, which time only augmented. They had other causes of complaint. Many of the tenantry held leases for a stated number of years; these were taken, and the land entered under them, and a fair equivalent in rent paid therefor; at the end of which time, the farms having doubled in value,—by dint of the tenant's exertions—by reclaiming the soil, by building fences, and erecting houses—all done by their own industry, must consent to pay double rent, or be driven from their homes, where they had wasted the best days of their existence.

And again, should the tenant by misfortune be unable to meet his bond, the landlord by existing laws, can issue his own warrant—under his own seal—and, his own *ex parte* testimony is all that is required for him to establish the amount due to himself; and all this notwithstanding the constitution of the State guarantees to every citizen the right of trial by a jury of his country in all suits of law, both civil and criminal. Thus was established a superiority which the unfortunate tenants ill could brook. They only asked to be placed on equal grounds with their more favored neighbors; and for this purpose petitioned the Legislature.

They asked for the "passage of an act repealing all laws granting special privileges to Landlords in the collection of their rents, so that they shall be permitted to use and enjoy the common rights of other creditors, in the collection of their dues, and none other."

They further petitioned, "for the passage of an act authorizing tenants, when prosecuted for rent, to set up as a defence against such prosecutions, the want of a good and sufficient title to the premises in the landlord or prosecutor; and that such defence be a bar to any recovery against such tenants until the title of the landlord be fully established; to apply in the cases where lands have been leased for a long series of years or in perpetuity."

tude of person, rising and taking advantage of the momentary pause in the din around, "I motion we have a song."

"A song, a song!" was shouted by twenty voices.

"Who will do us the favor?" asked the fat man.

"Tiger-tail, Tiger-tail!" shouted some; "Rattlesnake, Rattlesnake, Rattlesnake," shouted others.

"Brothers!" put in the fat man.

"Oh, you be d—d, old Grizzle! You are always shoving forward that precious body of yours!" said the anatomy of a man, pulling his more gifted neighbor by the sleeve; "Rattlesnake was the loudest called for; let him speak for himself."

Thus rebuked the fat man sat down.

"Rattlesnake, Rattlesnake!" was again shouted forth on all hands.

"Brothers," said the savage called for, standing up in his place, "I feel more like biting than singing, to-night; let Grizzly Bear sing *himself*, if he must have music. No doubt he prefers his own *growl* to another's."

"I am very well contented with it, Mr. Snake, and I can *bite* too, if occasion requires," said fatty, "but, as Big Thunder has not arrived, I thought we might just as well make merry, so if you will pass me the bottle there, I'll wet my pipe, and then give ye one of my last getting up."

Grizzly Bear after taking a long pull at the bottle, cleared his throat, and thus commenced:

SONG.

We are a band of hearties, boys,
In numbers great and strong,
We discard all names and parties, boys,
To none we will belong.

CHORUS.

And in the wood, our homes shall be,
Away from *law* and labor free,
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis the life for me;
A life without a care.

We are a band of brothers, boys,
We love each other well,
We'll share each other's woes and joys,
And in unity we'll dwell.

CHORUS.

For in the wood, our homes shall be,
Away from *law* and labor free,
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis the life for me,
A life without a care.

The chorus was joined in, by all present, which made the old woods ring again. But as deafening as were their shouts, there was another voice heard above them all, rebuking them to silence. The voice was that of a man, who had that moment bounded from the wood into their very midst.

"Come ye here to 'make night hideous,' with your everlasting howling?"

he asked. "Come ye here to spend the time in drunken frolicking appointed for necessary deliberations? For shame! let us have no more of it."

"We have been here near an hour; how is it that Big Thunder has just arrived? How has *he* spent the time chosen for necessary deliberations?" asked Rattlesnake in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"I was necessarily detained on private business, which imports you not to know. I am ready *now* to hear of any business that may come before the meeting." Saying which, he ascended and took his seat upon the rude bench before described, facing the whole assembly.

Big Thunder was dressed more becoming the taste of an Indian, than were the rest of the band. He wore a pair of drab-colored pants—moccasins of deer-skin upon his feet, but without embroidery—a sort of loose sack of blue cloth secured at the waist by a red sash tied tightly around his person, the ends hanging in even folds by his side. The sack was thrown back on his shoulders, displaying a red flannel shirt beneath, fitting closely around the neck, forming a rich contrast with the dark copper color of his skin—upon his head he wore a crown of feathers, so constructed as to entirely conceal his hair—his face bore the expression of energy and decision of character amply fitting him to govern and lead the band now present. Rattlesnake was first to address the meeting.

"Brothers," he said, "I am sorry to take up any of your precious time by the recital of private wrongs; but as winter is coming, the necessity of providing for my houseless family, urges me to it at this time. You most of you know that by a series of misfortunes I was unable to meet my rent last spring, thereby, according to the just laws of our State, I forfeited the lease. I went to see my landlord, represented my situation to him, implored him to let me live *on* as I had done, promising him for his clemency not only every dollar his due, with the interest, but the thanks of a grateful family. But no! he knowing that he could rent it at a higher price—knowing that the land had doubled in value—doubled by my own exertions—made rich by my *own sweat* poured forth in twenty years of toil—laughed at me! Aye laughed! I left him for my home, and as I drew near that poor, though comfortable cabin, reared by my own hands, hallowed by a thousand tender recollections—think not meanly of me—I wept like a boy. There for nearly twenty years, after a hard day's toil, hard though sweet when laboring for those I love, I found a resting-place for my weary limbs, and as proudly as a *king* I slept away the still, peaceful hours of the night, for it was my home, the home of my wife and children; and as I thought of this I wept. But tears brought with them stern resolves, and I swore to keep it still. I entered my cabin, collected together all my stores, scarcely sufficient to fill the mouths of my wife and helpless children for a month, and barred my door against the invader. But alas! in the eye of the law I was a criminal—they came to me in numbers, broke into my castle and carried me off a prisoner."

He paused, as if to attest the sympathy of his brethren which burst forth in exclamations of dire revenge.

"My story is soon told," continued Rattlesnake. "I managed to escape from my captors, regained my home, where I found my wife with her little ones, in the greatest distress from my loss. As good fortune would have it, I found a comfortable home for my family at the house of a friend, but being proscribed myself, and fearing to be retaken, I sought, and found your band."

"You did, you did," echoed from twenty voices.

"That was six months ago," continued Rattlesnake, "but I often in the night steal to the spot once my home—a spot made sacred by many sufferings, as well as by the cup of *domestic* joy tasted to its overflow—and where I once labored and loved, I knelt in prayer. One night, after an absence of nearly two months, wandering I scarcely know whither, I came upon the well-known spot of my old home—but the cabin which had cost me so many years to erect, was gone, giving place to the beautiful cottage of a stranger—it mocked my poor, isolated heart, and kneeling upon the green earth, I swore *revenge!*"

"And you shall have it," exclaimed Big Thunder, carried away by the recital of his brother's wrongs.

"Yes, yes! revenge! revenge!" rent the air from every throat.

"I thank you *all*, for the hearty response," said Rattlesnake and he sat down.

"What business comes before the meeting next?" asked the chief.

"So please ye," said a man rising, conspicuous only for the coat he wore, which was of a bright scarlet color adorned with rows of metal buttons, "So please ye, brothers, I will introduce to the meeting the fellow under my charge, the deputy sheriff of Troy, arrested within our dominions this morning, he is getting to be a little troublesome, will Big Thunder see him now?"

"You may bring him before us!" said the dignitary addressed.

Red-jacket disappeared, and in a few moments returned in charge of deputy sheriff Loper, of Troy, his feet clogged with large billets of wood, and his hands bound with green withes behind his back. Loper, as he confronted Big Thunder, and looked around taking in the whole of that dark group, encountering the fixed gaze of a hundred eyes, returned it with one of hearty defiance, and in the solitary word that escaped his lips, "humph!" might be summed up the utter contempt he felt for their whole fraternity.

"What are the charges brought against the man?" asked the Chief.

"Brother Big Thunder," replied Red-jacket, with some elevation of person, "I being in charge of the party which took him prisoner will answer. As we were passing, (meaning myself and party) along the skirts of Rentwood forest, bordering on old Van Shaack's farm, this morning, to see if all was quiet in that neighborhood, who should we meet, coming across the pastures at full speed on horseback, but his son John, who, all out of breath informed us that there was an officer on the road going to trouble

his father, and called on us for assistance. I just stationed my men on the road, when who should come along but this feller. We very civilly stopped his horse, and I very politely asked for his papers, which he very impolitely refused to give up. We threatened him with a coat of tar, which by the way he didn't seem to care a damn about. It being very public where we were, we thought it best to move him, so tying his hands to keep him from scratching, and putting a blinder on his eyes, we brought him along and put him in the lock-up."

Red-jacket having got through with his story, sat down, leaving Loper standing nearly in the centre of the circle, the red glare of the fire lighting up his proud determined face.

"Have you any papers about your person to be served, as but now charged?" asked Big Thunder, addressing the prisoner. Loper made no reply, nor by look showed that he heard the question addressed to him. "Have you papers to be served on *any* one, within our dominion?" again asked Big Thunder. "Have you any ears, sir? Have you no answer to our inquiries?"

"I have no answer for thee, nor such as thee," replied the sheriff.

"We'll see to that!"

"By what authority do you interrogate me?" haughtily demanded Loper.

"By the authority God Almighty has given to his people, and by them invested in *me*, their chosen leader."

The answer was unnoticed by Loper, but the chief saw the scornful curl of the sheriff's proud lip, which roused the sleeping tiger within him, and springing to his feet, in a voice of thunder he demanded of the sheriff his papers.

"My hands are bound," replied Loper, "and your ruffians can take them from me if they see fit, but of my own free will, never!"

"By the Eternal! you shall suffer for this insolence!" exclaimed Big Thunder his lips pale with rage, "but, first search his person, men."

At this command, several moved forward, Grizzly Bear at their head, upon the sheriff, who stepped back, two or three paces upon his clogs, and like a cat kept his eye upon the enemy. On they came, the portly figure of Grizzly Bear making a bold front. Loper waited till they were sufficiently near, when darting forward with all his strength, he planted his head in the abdomen of the unfortunate Bear, and rolled him upon his back. The sheriff sprang forward with so much force that he could not recover himself and coming to the end of his clogs, his feet went out from under him and he fell upon his face. Before he could regain his feet, his enemies were upon him, who proceeded to search and destroy all papers in his possession.

While this was going on, the lean gentleman, who went by the tender name of "Sapling" among his fellows, was bending over the prostrate body of Grizzle, and condoling with him in his fallen state.

"You are always putting forward that precious body of yours," he said.

"You are always foremost in all great undertakings, giving your breast to the storm—and when, as now, by stern fate you receive an ungenerous blow, you are silent and complain not—a happy consolation is yours, Grizzle; you are a martyr in a glorious cause."

As the voice of a loved one has power to call back the wandering senses of a fainting beauty, so revived Grizzly Bear under the soft words of Sapling; and, opening his eyes and receiving that sympathizing look, he straight forgot the injury received in his stomach.

"Here," continued Sapling, presenting the bottle to Grizzly Bear, "take a drop for thy stomach's sake."

"Thank ye," said Grizzle, after a hearty suck at the bottle, "I feel better, now."

"I am glad to hear it, Tigertail, bear a hand here, and help up brother Grizzle."

Big Thunder, who stood by watching the progress of the search, by degrees became calm, his thoughts flowing in smoother channels. When himself, uninfluenced by his bad passions, Big Thunder was possessed of noble feelings, and could appreciate virtues in another. He knew, was he himself deputy sheriff, he should have acted as did Loper, and the thought awakened respect for the enemy he had overpowered by numbers, but not conquered. Calling Rattlesnake to him, in a low voice he gave him his orders. The clogs were struck off from Loper's feet, his eyes bandaged, and in this manner he was conducted through the mazes of the forest for near a mile, when the withes were removed from his arms. It was some minutes before Loper could command his arms sufficiently to remove the bandage from his eyes. On looking about him, he was in the edge of the wood that skirted the road; the Indians had gone, but there stood his companion of the morning—his trusty horse.

CHAPTER V.

"What have I done to thee, that thou shouldst lift
Thy hand against me? Wherefore wouldst thou strike
The heart that never wrong'd thee?"

[From the Yemassee.

The night was far advanced, but the moon still shone from her western pyre, throwing her rays of silver light across old Rentwood, just lighting up the roof of Von Alstine's cottage, and pouring her full blaze into the gable window where slept Michael Flynn and his faithful Tige. Still si-

lence reigned around the house, and the myriads of stars looked down, like the "Hundred-Eyed Argus," keeping watch over its sleeping inmates. Sleep on while yet you may; sleep, but let thy dreams be each a prayer, a prayer of the earnest heart commending its soul to God. The dog had been aroused from his slumbers, and stood by the bedside of his master, and with a low whine broke the sleep of the unconscious Irishman. Michael, though he heard the low moan of the dog, it was half in his dreams, and he tried to forget it and sleep on. But it still sounded in his ears, and losing his habitual patience, he started up in bed.

"By the powers, Misthur Tige! it is very oncivil in ye, to be wakin' up a poor divil at this time o' night, whin he'd be afthur slapin' with the hilp of the blissid virgin; it is, altogether intirely. Go to bed yer spalpeen, and don't be afthur disturbin' good Christians with yer blarney."

Thus saying, he betook himself to his slumbers again. For a few minutes the dog was still, but not long; and when he took up the strain again, it savored well of a growl. This was more than flesh and blood could bear.

"Yer enough to make a saint swear, ye are ye *divil*!" cried the incensed Irishman. "By all the saints, and St. Patrick to boot, I've a mind to bate ye; ye bogtrotter to bed wid ye, or I'll —— what the divil was that? Did ye hear ony thin' Misthur Tige?" The dog's answer was a sharp growl. "By my throth, I thought so."

Springing out of bed, Michael approached the window and looked out. Dim figures were seen moving in the distant shadow of Rentwood, and as he gazed, a feeling of superstitious awe, so common to his countrymen, crept over him, and chained him to the spot. Each shadow as it passed before his vision, brought back some almost forgotten tale of his childhood; some tale told by his mother, when seated by the smouldering turf fire, of the spirits of another world come back to haunt, or warn us of impending danger, till his feelings wrought up, pictured a ghost in every shadow cast upon the floor; and the feeling then was present with him now; and the low whine of the dog too, who is supposed to feel the approach of an unearthly visiter, had its own peculiar meaning, and tended none the less to allay his fears.

St. Patrick defend us!" he exclaimed, crossing himself, "who iver seed the like afore? Let us pray Misthur Tige; git down ye divil, and pray with all yer ploody might."

The red glare of a torch borne in the hands of a man just beneath the window, attracted his attention, and broke the spell. It was something tangible, something he could understand, and turned his fears into another channel. Quickly dressing himself, he left his room followed by Tige, and as he stepped upon the stairs, a strong scent of smoke met his senses, and he could distinctly hear the sharp snapping, as of burning wood. Quickening his steps he rushed down stairs, and into his master's room. George awoke from a sound sleep, started wildly up, and asked to know the matter.

"An' we've got a fire here, sir!"

"A fire!"

"Yes, as shure as hell's blazes, yer honor! on there's mony a devil all all around us, ootside," he continued as George hurried on his clothes, "the wood is full of them, yer honor."

"The blood-thirsty savages!" exclaimed George, catching up his gun that lay by his bedside, "If they think to murder us they shall fight for it."

Rushing into the entry, he there encountered Von Alstine and his terrified wife in the night-clothes, aroused by the outcry of Michael, and also knowing their danger from their sleeping rooms being in close proximity to the fire. All for a while was confusion, disorder reigning supreme. One ran here, another there, all giving orders which no one understood, and the only things definite were, that they were surrounded by a gang of blood-thirsty outlaws, and the house was burning down over their heads. But as all things most violent, soonest spend themselves, so it proved now; and Mr. and Mrs. Von Alstine, as there was no immediate danger from the fire, by George's advice, changed their night-dresses for others more fitting to encounter the night air. The fire had been set in an ell, from the back of the house, and though it raged with violence, it had not yet reached the main building. The wind came fresh from that quarter, and the flames rushed, quirling and hissing like a thousand devils, vomiting from their mouths like red hot missals, all light combustible matter, borne on the wings of the wind. On came the devouring element, and as it swept over the main roof, a loud shout from those without told it to the sufferers within, who were congregated in the main entry by the outer door. The flames now breaking through into their last retreat, lighting the room with their lurid glare warned them that they were no longer safe. Something must be done. George advised going forth and fighting their way through, but was overruled by Mr. Von Alstine, who thought it best to make no show of defence.

"It is by no means certain that they intend an assault upon us," he said, "and by meeting them with hostile weapons, they may be forced to do what they would gladly avoid."

"You do not know them, my friend!"

"What motive can they have, George?"

"The same that led them to burn the house down over our heads, revenge!"

"I do not think they strike at our lives, besides, it would be madness to contend against such odds. Let us go out then, as we should if they were not here, and leave it to the *moment* to decide our actions."

George yielding the point, though much against his will, unbarred the door and went out followed by Mr. and Mrs. Von Alstine, Michael and the dog bringing up the rear. These four, not to mention the dog, were all of the family present, as their only maid-servant was absent from home for the night; and as they left the burning house, the loud wild whoop from the Indians as they came rushing up the hill, would have struck terror to

hearts less stout than theirs. On marched the little band, Mrs Von Alstine holding her place by her husband's side, with all that fortitude and strength of mind ever calls to her aid in great emergencies, not in the least trying to avoid the Indians, who when they saw that determined little front, halted. The dog Tige would have rushed upon the assailants, but was restrained by Michael.

"Seek ye our lives?" asked Von Alstine, the first to break the awful silence.

"No!" was the quick reply of the Chief!

"Why then are you here?" demanded George.

"To enforce the laws of our realm!" replied the same voice.

"Your realm!" said George sarcastically, "how far does your *Chiefdom* extend?"

"Over all oppressed by the relentless, tyrannical *Landlord*," haughtily replied Big Thunder.

"And to enforce your laws, is it necessary to burn down the dwellings of defenceless citizens?" asked Von Alstine, sternly.

"It is necessary for our *revenge*, old man! fiercely answered the Chief.

"Revenge becomes *dogs* such as thou!" retorted the old man in the same tone.

"Another such a word and ye die, dotard!"

"Husband! husband!" shrieked the now terrified woman, clinging to Von Alstine's arm, "tempt him not! tempt him not!"

"Do not fear him, Madeline!" said the old man. "*Dogs* that bark the loudest, seldom bite!"

"Hell's furies seize thee!" vociferated Big Thunder, and the bright blade glittering in the moon-beams descended with unerring aim, and Von Alstine fell a corpse. One wild shriek filled the air, and came back from the woods in a hundred echoes telling the tale of double murder, and the distracted wife fell upon the prostrate body of her murdered husband.

So unlooked for was this tragic end, that all stood spell-bound, each held by surprise; and even Big Thunder felt its power, being the first to break the silence, muttering, "it cannot be helped, he would have it so." These words broke the spell.

"Hell-hound, I know thee now!" shrieked George, rushing upon the Chief, with no weapons, save the ten that nature gave, and with them he grappled the savage by the throat.

"*Die! die! die!* for the death thou hast given!" and at each emphatic word he sunk his fingers deeper into the broad neck of the chief. Michael darted forward to the help of his master, received a blow from a huge club in the hands of Rattlesnake, which felled him senseless to the earth. The dog sharing the same fate, Big Thunder and George were left to fight their battle alone; the Indians standing around, watching the issue with a jealous eye. So unexpectedly was George upon his adversary, that he was not prepared for him; and with superhuman strength, lent him by the

avenging angel, he riveted his fingers upon the neck of the monster chief. Together they reeled, and each moment the strength of the Indian grew weaker and weaker, and with one last effort to free himself from his enemy, he fell. George lost not his hold, and gripping still, the face of his victim grew purple, then black, then came the rattle in the throat preceding death, and in a few moments all would have been over when an Indian darted forward and buried his steel deep into the conqueror's back. His hands released their hold; he raised himself up and with the name of God upon his lips—fell backwards.

When we last saw deputy sheriff Loper, he was with his horse at the wood-side. Do not suppose, kind reader, that he has been standing there ever since. God and the author forbid! for the night was too keen an one, to stand idly long. Loper was a man of few words, but of stirring thoughts and actions; and the opposition that he met with, and the subsequent ill treatment received at the hands of the disguised "anti-renters," not only made him the more thoroughly determined to do his duty, but to do what he could towards breaking up their lawless band. Mounting his horse, therefore, he turned towards the city. A smart ride of two hours brought him to Gen. Windsor's head quarters, where were collected under arms some two hundred volunteers under his command. Making known to Gen. Windsor the outrage committed upon his person, and as well as he was able, the place of council, the strong hold of the Indians, he urged the necessity of immediate action, if he would take them without bloodshed. Gen. Windsor readily consented, and long before the day dawned, at the head of two hundred well-armed, well-mounted men, accompanied by Loper, started for G——.

CHAPTER VI.

"For love and war are twins, and both are made
Of stange passion, which misleads the sense,
And makes the feeling madness. Thus they grow,
The thorn and flower together, wounding oft,
When most seductive."

[From the Yemassee.

Michael opened his eyes with astonishment. How came he here? How was it he had been sleeping with no covering over him but the broad canopy of heaven? Was he dreaming? He would know—and applying his finger between his teeth, he gave it no very gentle bite. "Oh!" he exclaimed, with a sharp pain in his head, caused by the movement of his jaws

(to say nothing of the finger,) "Oh ! I remember now !" and he pressed his hands upon his brow. He lay a moment to assure himself he was safe, when he became convinced he was not alone. There was something near him ; something possessed of life, for he could distinctly hear its regular breathing. Was it one of the Indians remaining ? He would lay still and see. Presently something touched his head ; something damp and cold, which caused a cold shudder to pass through his frame. It was most probably one of the anti-renters, who would despatch him if he saw returning life. He hadn't long to think of his awkward situation, when something like a warm, wet, fleshy substance passed over his face. There was no mistaking that ; he was too well acquainted with the flavor, scent and application to mistake it.

"By the powers, Misther Tige !" exclaimed Michael, turning over to the dog, "let me niver git oot or pargathory if I didn't think ye was one or thim divil's own. How long have we been here Tige ? I feel mighty cool like all over noo," he continued, snuggling closer to the dog. "Have thim bogtrotters all cleared oot ? By St. Pathrick, the divil's shillela was hard-hur nor my head, ony how. I should jist like aboot at his own ugly mug, an' if I didn't bate him handsome, thin thea's no snakes in Ameriky. Where's masthur, honey, and all the rist of the poor divil's ot us ? Are we all dead, an' more too ? Och ! he's not the boy to rin whin his own paddy's doon ! I'll be afthur seein' noo !" With some difficulty, benumbed as he was with the cold, Michael rose to his feet, and the scene that presented itself, was horrible in the extreme. There lay the old man Alstine, his pale rigid face turned towards heaven, as if in leave-taking of the spirit that had gone ; the red current of his heart's blood clotted upon his bosom, while across his body lay the body of a woman, cold and stiff ; in life they walked together, and in death they were not parted. That one fatal step reached the life of both. The scene stirred up the depths of Michael's feelings, and the tears came to his eyes. "Don't be afthur laffin' at me, Misthur Tige," he said, "for pon my sowl its ner a laffin' matthur, not a bit of it. It's not offten that I cries, honey ; but some hoo I can't help it noo ; and if yer was a christian dog, yer'd blubber too, ye would, ye divil," and he shook the large drops from his eyes. "But here I am with my blarney, whin my poor masthur's no where to be found ! Faith here's his honor's bat, though that's not much without himself ; O' he's kilt, he's kilt ! and here's his spacheless blood a cryin' to me from the ground ! Och he's kilt, he's kilt, an' they carried him off body and sowl ! Och, that I should iver come to Ameriky to see my masthur kilt and carried off before my eyes, and not see a bit of it," and he threw himself on the ground beside his dog. "Ah, Misthur Tige," he continued, looking his dog pityingly in the face, "we are two helpless and disarted mortals, we are ; with no masthur to take care of us ; with nobody to give us nothin' to eat, an' a clean shirt to our backs ; Misthur Tige, we are two poor, dear desarted mortals,

we are indeed!" And covering his face with his hands, he gave way to his utter feeling of loneliness.

It was early morning; and the eastern sky was again lighted up with the near approach of the king of day; and as the scene brightened, desolation stood forth. The fire had done its work; but still it sent up its dark volumes of smoke, which as it ascended heavenward, grew brighter and more transparent, till it lost itself, commingling with the clouds. From behind the pile, like a Phoenix from its ashes, came forth a man and approached the scene of murder. His face was pale and haggard, and as he stood with arms folded across his breast gazing upon the cold remains before him, his whole frame shook from intense inward feelings. In a few minutes he became calmer, however, and only muttered; "'Tis nothing after all! death is with us, and around us; it comes to us in infancy, boyhood, manhood and old age; why should we fear it? Why tremble to look upon it? Why move us in one form more than in another? If it comes to the infant, and steals away *its* early breath when sleeping upon its mother's lap, so noiseless in its tread, that she hears not its grim approach, but looking upon her darling, fancies it sleeps still, does she tremble? And yet it is death! If it comes to the grey-headed old man, ripe in years; with scarce the strength of infancy laying himself down to die---whose feeble breath like the expiring lamp, burns flickering on till all's consumed it feeds upon; his soul leaving its frail tenement with a tread so gentle, that ye know not when Time ends, and Eternity begins; still it is *death!* 'tis *only* death I look upon now." He started from his reveries and his face lit up with a proud smile as his eyes fell on a body of mounted men winding their way up the hill. Approaching the road side, he awaited their coming. The sun had now broke over the hills, shedding its smiles o'er man and beast, making glad their hearts, after a gloomy ride of two hours over a hard road. Before reaching the brow of the hill, Gen. Windsor called to halt, and consulted with Loper upon the expediency of entering the forest at that point, instead of half a mile further on where the Sheriff was left by the Indians the preceding night. While they were discussing this point, the individual that we have seen bending over the remains of the unfortunate victims of the last night's murder, came slowly down the hill and approached them.

"You seek Big Thunder and his men?" he said, addressing Loper.

"We do. Can you guide us to their place of concealment?"

"Truly I cannot, though report says it is somewhere in Rentwood forest," replied the stranger.

"It speaks truth, as I can testify," said Loper, "but their exact whereabouts is what we would know. A man might spend a week in this interminable wood, and still be none the wiser."

"One man, I grant ye," said the stranger, "but with your number, you would soon riddle out their hiding-place; or rather, you would easily find where they sometimes hold their meetings; but I fear you would not find

Big Thunder or his men. It is said they meet only at stated times, and always in the night."

"That is unfortunate, indeed," said Loper, thoughtfully,

"I know not what step to pursue. If I could only secure their leader; did you ever see him?" He asked, addressing the stranger.

"I never had that pleasure, sir."

"You saw him last night, Loper?" said Gen. Windsor.

"Yes, but it was when he was in his kingdom come, decked out in paint and feathers. I should recognize nothing but his form; he is about this man's size."

"You do me great honor, sir! You flatter me!" said the stranger, bowing.

"That, is as you may think of it," replied Loper.

"Does no one guess who *he* is, about here?" Asked Windsor.

"We have our thoughts, sir," replied the stranger. "but we are no-wise certain of *any* thing. It is far easier to trace their works, than them," he said, pointing to the smoking ruins on the hill.

"The incarnate fiends! is that their work?"

"I grieve to confess it, sir; and would to God the evil stopped here; but they have added murder to incendiarism!"

"What mean you?" Asked Loper and Windsor, in a single breath.

"Follow me and you shall see!" And he led them up the hill in front of the house, where were now collected some half-a-dozen neighbors, their faces expressive of the deepest sorrow and concern.

"This is sorry work, Mr. Huss," said an old man, addressing the stranger, accompanying Loper and Windsor.

"It is, indeed!" he replied, "and calls for immediate action on the part of the law. I have sympathized with them heretofore, because I believed them oppressed, but when they seek to plead their cause by the spilling of innocent blood, I have no part with them."

"Is there no way to get hold of the perpetrators of this horrid deed?" asked Loper.

"I trust so in time," answered the old man, "here's a fellow, that knows something of it, though all that we can get out of him is, that he is a poor deserted mortal, and that the Indians have carried off his master."

"Who is your master?" asked Loper, addressing Michael, who still sat upon the ground, his face buried in his hands.

"Who should it be, but his honor Misthur George Arlin, Esquire! But he is kilt noo, rest his sowl; an' the devils have carried him off sowl and body," he continued to himself, as if thinking aloud.

"I think I have a key that will unravel a part of this mystery at least," said Huss. "It is evident that this fellow's master has shared the fate of the others, which leads me to guess at the author. This George Arlin was enamored of the daughter of one of my nearest neighbors, John Kale. It is also known to me that the old man disapproved of his attentions; and in fact, not long since I heard the old man threaten him with the direst vengeance, if he again darkened his doors. John Kale would keep his word. I merely surmise this, neighbors; nothing more."

"Would it not be well to search this Kale's house?" suggested Gen. Windsor, "you may find something to strengthen your suspicions."

"Be that my task," said Loper, "while you scour the forest for those pests of society, 'Big Thunder,' and his men. Mr. Huss, will you accompany me on this disagreeable errand?"

"I must refuse, in consideration of the feelings of Mr. Kale," said Huss. "It will pain him less to receive a visit from a stranger, than from his own neighbors, besides, I have a duty to perform here, the dead must be buried."

ban you know how well I feel; again, that blood emotion you have

Leaving the scene of murder with two picked men, Loper took his way towards the cottage of farmer Kale. We will precede him by a few minutes, and look in upon its humble inmates.

Mary entered the room where slept her mother. She was not yet up; she was old, and her health poor at best, but this morning she looked paler than usual, and when her daughter approached her bed, she looked up into her face, not less pale and troubled than her own, and inquired, "has he returned, Mary."

"Not yet, dear mother! but do not be alarmed, he'll come before long, surely; he may have gone to town to sell his wheat, and buy our winter stores," suggested the girl, with a faint attempt at cheating her mother of her too well-grounded fears.

"He never would go to the city without apprising me of his purpose, and just at night too," said the mother. "He never staid away from home all night before; and this horrid night! when the Indians have been abroad, to burn and destroy! I fear the worst, Mary!" And the unhappy woman buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Mary did not dare to trust herself to reply, for she felt her voice would betray her own feelings. She knew that her father sympathised greatly with the Anti-renters; but he had promised her repeatedly that he would engage in none of their schemes for revenge. She knew, too, that her father hated the aristocratic Van Alstine with all his soul, but she believed as well, that his naturally good heart would not allow him to engage in an outrage like that of last night, even to revenge himself upon his deadliest foe. The preceding night, when her father had led her from the arbor to the house, he left her at the door without a word of explanation; and when ten o'clock came round, and he had not yet come home, a vague fear seized her that he might have been persuaded by their seductive arguments, to join the anti-renters in their midnight revels. Her mother seemed to partake of the same fear, and as the slow hours of the night, one after another passed away, the poor woman became almost frantic. The scene that followed, the burning of Van Alstine's cottage, which could be seen in the distance, served to excite their feelings still more—fear for the husband and father's safety, and pity for those deprived of house and home. They knew not, alas! that they were beyond the reach of pity. Thus the long hours of the night passed away, and morning came without bringing them relief. Mrs. Kale had gone to bed entirely exhausted, while Mary still watched anxiously for her father's return. The morning was passing rapidly away, but still no father returned, and Mary, heart-sick, entered her mother's room.

The good woman brightened up at the sight of her daughter, hoping she had good news, but finding it to the contrary, gave way to her feelings as we have described. Mary stood over her until she became more calm, when she said,

"We ought not to judge too harshly of father, dear mother; he may have been kept from home by some accident to himself, and still be innocent of what we fear."

"God grant it may be so, and send him home in health," fervently ejaculated the old lady. There was a rap at the outer door! "Quick, quick, Mary! it may be some one from your father!"

Mary left her mother's room for the kitchen, and there stopped a moment to collect herself. The knock was repeated. Pressing her hand on her heart as if to afford it strength, she opened the outer door.

"Is Mr. Kale at home?" asked Loper, for it was he outside with his men.

"No, sir; he has been absent the whole night!" answered Mary, with child-like simplicity.

"We feared it!" said Loper.

"What have I said!" she exclaimed, a deep pallor overspreading her face, at her imprudence—but it was too late now, and a faintness came over her frame as she asked, "know you anything of him, sir?"

"We have not seen him yet, lady!" answered Loper, touched by the anguish pictured on her face, "Van Alstine—"

"Yes, yes! they have burned down his cottage; but my father was not there!" she almost shrieked, "He never could have done that—he was good, and never wronged any one! He was poor, it is true—but he never joined the Indians! be sure he was not there, sir!" and she bowed her head into her hands and sobbed like a child.

"Pray God he has done nothing worse!" said Loper, the drops standing in his own eyes, but Mary did not hear the remark, made so low. He watched the poor girl's grief with heart-felt commiseration. That fair bosom, heaving with its inward anguish—that slight and delicate form, bowed with the agony of grief, touched his very soul, and found an echo in the hearts of the two men beside him. But they had a duty to perform at all costs, however revolting to their feelings. "We shall be under the necessity of searching the house," said Loper, with an effort to command himself.

"Not for my father, for truly he is not here!" said Mary, raising her eyes still swimming in tears, "Ah! he is safe! he is safe!" she exclaimed, rushing into the arms of the old man that moment coming up at the door.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"Do not ask me, father!"

Kale looked to Loper and his men for an explanation, but they either did not understand the look, or did not choose to answer. Kale impatiently asked,

"What is your business here?"

"Our business is with you, sir!" answered Loper evasively.

"Oh, doubtless! and not finding me, you so far forgot your manhood, as to frighten my daughter with your big words. Go into the house, girl," he continued, leading his daughter towards the house; but she clung to him and would not be separated from him, "What's all this, Mary?" A sob was his answer, and he turned to Loper again, "Come, sir, let us hear your business."

Loper hesitated. He had no doubt from what he saw, and from the fact of Kale's being absent throughout the night, but that he was with the Indians; but the graver suspicions wanted confirmation. Altogether it was as embarrassing as it was painful, and he hesitated, not knowing how to proceed.

"Will you tell me the object of your visit, sir?" again asked Kale a little sharply.

"George Arlin—" Loper again hesitated.

"Well, what of him?" asked the old man, his face darkening.

"He—you—you have had some difficulty with him!"

"None in the least, sir! I only told him what he might expect if he troubled me."

"Oh, father! do not talk so!" sobbed Mary.

"And that was—"

"It does not concern you, sir!" haughtily replied Kale, "and if this is your business with me—"

"Then I'll come to the point."

"You'll oblige me by doing so."

"I'll tell you what you already know, sir. Last night, Mr Van Alstine was attacked by the Indians, and his cottage burned to the ground!"

A slight exclamation escaped the old man, and his eyes involuntarily turned in the direction of the yet smoking ruins.

"You seem astonished at it!"

"Yes, yes! well, what more?" eagerly asked Kale.

"Himself, wife and the young man, George Alstine, murdered!"

"Great God!" ejaculated Kale.

Mary raised herself from her father's bosom. The vacant stare she fixed upon Loper's face,—and when she comprehended the full extent of his words—the wild shriek of agony that burst from her heart—swallowing up father, mother, self, this world and that, that is to come in those three words, "George Arlin murdered!" as she fell into her father's arms, can better be imagined than described. The old man bent over his child, and with earnest, pitying and endearing words, tried to recall her to consciousness; while Loper stood by, accusing himself of foolish rashness.

"You have killed her!" cried the agonized old man.

"Mary, Mary! 'tis your father that calls you—do not leave him yet, or his heart will break! Open your eyes, Mary, and let your old father have one look of forgiveness, one word that will curse him for his folly! Perdition sieze the boy! would that he had died before he crossed my threshold! Hush! she opens her eyes!"

She did open her eyes; and they were tearless—not a drop trembled in their lids—her frame was weak and trembling, and she leaned upon her father for support as if life and hope had departed. The old man led her into the house and placing her in an old arm chair, knelt by her side.

"Take it not so to heart, Mary. You have others left to love you as *he* never loved—you have two bosoms where there is no deceit, to lean upon; two hearts that live but for your happiness, to cheer and help you on." And the old man took the hand of his wife, who had risen from her bed, and now knelt by her side. The kind entreaties of her parents—their kneeling posture, had power upon Mary—bringing back some part of her parental love—breaking up the fountain of tears, and she wept upon her mother's neck. While this afflicting scene was enacting, Loper and his men were busy examining every part of the house, for anything that might be found to strengthen their suspicions. First, the kitchen—then the spare room used only on particular occasions—then the two sleeping rooms of the family, all were examined—every chest, trunk and draw, and even the brick oven escaped not their scrutiny. Finding nothing to satisfy their fears, they next ascended to the attic, by means of a ladder from the kitchen. The search here was rather more difficult; the garret being the depository of all the rubbish (so to speak) of the family. Here was lumber, old boxes, boots, shoes, coats and other cast off woolen garments, heaped together in every quarter of the place. Everything was examined, still nothing discovered. The only remaining place not now searched, was the

cellar, and thither Loper directed his attention. Here as in all farm house cellars, were boxes, barrels, tubs, pails and jars, setting promiscuously about, some filled with family stores, others entirely empty; all of which were looked into and examined, but to no purpose. Having done everything in his power, Loper gave up the search and was returning to the kitchen. As he came to the stairs he stepped on something soft that attracted his attention. Stooping down, he pulled from beneath the bottom stair which was raised some two or three inches from the ground, a long tow frock sometimes worn by farmers in that region, the folds of which protruded from beneath the step, as if purposely thrown in his way. On bringing it to the light, there were several large spots of blood discovered on the breast—the right sleeve was also damp and clodded with blood, and in a side pocket was found a dagger, unwiped since it sped on its deadly errand. As thoroughly as Loper was convinced of Kale's guilt, he was startled by the proofs brought to light--astounded by the undeniable evidence in his possession; and though he ardently desired to put down this spirit of rebellion, and bring the offenders to justice, yet he grieved that the heaviest guilt should be found at the door of this distressed family. There was but one course for him to pursue. He entered, and found the unfortunate family more calm; and with nerves braced to do his duty, lay before them the bloody evidence of Kale's guilt. As ignorant as they were of its fearful meaning, it was another shock for hearts already wrung to snapping. Though they bare it with little show of outward grief, except the daughter; she gave way to tears again, over a ribbon which was tied around the bloody sleeve of the frock.

"Merciful father!" she cried, "it is the ribbon that I gave him when we parted, and which he swore to part with only when life was gone. I gave it to him hopeful of a happy morrow; little dreaming that on the morrow it would come back to me dyed with his heart's blood. Oh, God! that I should live to see it thus!"

"Be calm, my child! It is ordained in wisdom!" said her mother, "Pray God that the offender be brought to justice!"

"You know not what you pray for, my dear madam," said Loper, "the suspected murderer is—"

"Who? gasped the unhappy wife, as if suspecting."

"Forgive me! your husband."

Not a word escaped the poor wife's lips—a faintness came over her, and she sank into a chair.

"No, no, no!" shrieked Mary, catching Loper by the arm, and looking him imploringly in the face, "you cannot surely mean that! You dare not look me in the face and say my father is a murderer! That he is the murderer of—no, no! it is too horrible to believe! Look at him!" she said, pointing to her father, who stood with his arms folded—his face as pale as marble, though calmer by far than his accusers—looking on as he was the least concerned of all. "Look at him!" she continued, "does he look like

a murderer? Say, is there blood upon his hands, or coward in his heart? Tell me by what signs ye know a murderer! speak, speak; oh, speak!" and overcome by her emotions, she sank upon the floor beside her mother.

"Upon what are your suspicions grounded, sir?" asked Kale, with a scarcely perceptible trembling of the voice.

"You being absent throughout the night—the bloody frock and dagger, and with it the ribbon given the unfortunate young man by your daughter, at their last meeting, found in your cellar—coupled with the fact that you hated the young man, and on the last evening threatened him with your vengeance," answered Loper,

"It wanted but this to make my cup complete!" sobbed the unhappy girl.

"How know you that I threatened him!"

"I cannot answer your interrogations, sir. At a proper tribunal, all will be made to appear. It is my painful duty to arrest you, sir."

Mary had again a father; and springing to her feet, she rushed forward as if to protect him.

"You dare not do it, sir!" she shrieked, "you dare not injure a hair of his head! You dare not so offend high heaven! I say you dare not! Would ye take from the *wife* her husband? Would ye take from the *child* its father? Would ye take from a poor family its only support? Would ye heap misery upon them through life? Would ye, *would ye* do this?" and she sank at his feet, "Oh, have pity, sir—some pity—kneeling, I implore thee, at your feet I beseech thee, spare the husband and father! Take not our life away! have pity, and heaven will reward thee!"

"Mary!" said Kale, raising his daughter from the floor, "be calm! give not away to your feelings! I confess appearances are against me, but I trust, after a fair trial, I shall be acquitted. Let the scale turn as it *will* with me, Mary, remember you have a mother still, that needs your tenderest care," and Kale led his daughter to where sat his wife, apparently unconscious of what was doing around her, "She needs all thy love; my child;" he continued, the tears starting to his eyes, as he placed the cold hand of his wife within his child's as she knelt before her, "exert thyself for her sake, Mary; and God will prosper your endeavors! Farewell! Come, sir I am ready," and he rushed out of his house.

On coming upon the road, Loper encountered Gen. Windsor and his men, on their return from the woods. They had scoured the forest in every direction—found the last night's council-fire of the Indians, but no vestige of the lawless band. Loper returned with his prisoner to Troy, not much wiser than when he left, but sadder in heart.

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh ! wherefore strike the beautiful, the young
So innocent, unharmed ? Lift the knife,
If need be, 'gainst the warrior ; but forbear
The trembling woman."

[From the Yemassee.

Mary gave not away to useless sorrow, but turned all her attentions towards making her mother comfortable. Losing no time in getting her to bed again, she prepared for her a bowl of gruel, of which she partook but little. She lay entirely passive : taking no notice of things—heeding not the kind, entreating tones of her daughter's voice, and apparently as helpless as an infant. As the day wore away, her malady increased, and she lay, her eyes glaring wide and fixed on vacuity—her features stiff and rigid, and the only things that told of life was a slight fluttering of her heart, and her short and scarcely perceptible breathing. Mary's exertions were doubled ; and with the assistance of a kind neighbor, who had called in, put draughts on her feet—bathed her temples—rubbed her limbs with flannel—all of which wrought a salutary change, and she fell into a refreshing sleep. Evening came, and still her sleep was sweet and quieting. Mrs. Jones, the kind neighbor referred to, together with Mrs. Pratt, who had come in to spend the night, whispered to Mary, that as her mother was quiet, to leave her to their care, and seek some rest for herself. Thus importuned, Mary left the sick room for the kitchen, and having barred the outer door, and closed the board shutters to the windows, drew the old arm chair in front of the fire, and threw herself nearly exhausted into it. She had been up through all the previous night, and the day that followed, had been one of anxious solicitude for her mother's safety ; and, now that that mother was quietly sleeping, and she had no incentive for further exertions to make her comfortable, she sank under the accumulated load of sorrow and fatigue, and slept.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Thou comest to the weary heart, like a pitying angel sent on a mission of mercy—thou rockest it in the cradle of forgetfulness—thou whisperest in its ear the names of those it loves—thou bringest before its slumbering vision, the bright eyed daughter, "Hope," laden with promises of future bliss—thou art a heaven to the weary and oppressed. Sleep bereaved one, sleep ! and for a while enjoy the society of him who is gone, brought back to thee in dreams, for a waking too soon will come, that will try thy plighted faith.

The door leading from the cellar slowly opened, and the dark figure of a man crossed the room and stood beside the sleeping girl. There was no light in the room, save what the blazing wood emitted, which fell upon his dark face lit up with fiendish satisfaction, as he gazed upon the angel-like countenance, and the sweet smile playing around the mouth of the dreaming girl.

"No wonder that Adam fell, if his Eve was half as fair as thee;" he muttered, "No wonder that he bartered the heaven perspective, for present bliss; the heaven of her bright smiles, if they possessed half the witchery playing around thy sweet lips. Sweet angel! I could find it in my heart now to pity thee! a thing so pure—so slight—so helpless—so bereaved; and could I bring a smile like that to thy awaking dreams, I would give up half my life; to spend the residue in thy fair company; and think it cheaply won. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, as he recalled some past event. Thou art silent, now, though I gaze with wanton pleasure on thy beauty—that little mouth curls not now in scorn, at the weak attempt to picture the wild passion that burns into my very *soul*, and consumes my very being! Soft! it grieves me to break thy slumbers, but it shall be with a kiss; no lover could do more. Lips take thy first"—and he pressed a kiss upon her lips.

"Heavens! who *are* you? Where come from!" exclaimed Mary, springing from her seat, and confronting the intruder.

"Sh—h—h! a little lower if you please, lady."

"How come you here, sir; and why?" she again demanded.

"How? stony limits cannot hold love out," neither can wood walls! it is a secret, lady. *Why* I am here, it imports thee to know."

"Love! did you say love? Come not here with that word upon your lips, which would profane the very name of love; leave it far behind, for it sounds like mockery! Hate would become them better!"

"You are severe upon me, lady!"

"No! if you loved me, you would not seek to make me miserable!"

"I?"

"Yes, *you* Jerry Huss! You would not force yourself into my presence—you would not lie in wait for me at every turn, and thief-like steal what else would be denied you."

"Your words grate harshly, fair one; but they are pardoned. My purpose was a good one in coming to you Mary; and finding you asleep was unexpected; but being so, it was a temptation set before me too great to be withstood. I kissed you. Do not curl your lip in scorn, for it but heightens and adds another charm to beauty already transcendent; but hear me. If you ever loved hear me. If you ever felt the passion that fires the soul, and maddens the brain, you would pity and not deride. If you ever felt love warmly nestling within your bosom; it would rob contempt of its shaft, disarm hatred of its sting, and bid the wretched live and hope on."

"I can give you no ground for hope, Mr. Huss!" said Mary, softened by his show of grief, "I love another."

"But that other is no more!"

"You do well to remind me of it, for there is fear this heart will forget him," and her tears started afresh.

"Yes he has gone, and therefore am I doubly bound to prove true to him. He had my promise that I would marry no one but him."

"It was miserly in him to exact such a promise—selfish in the extreme!"

"He did not exact it; I gave it to him voluntarily, and no power on earth shall make me break it."

"Mary—"

"Not a word more, sir; and if you would not have me hate you entirely, leave me!"

"One moment, and I will! I came here to convince you that I love you; and to prove it to you I will tell you what I am disposed to do. Your father—"

"Father, say ye! what of him? Have you seen him since he left us?"

"No; but I know that he is in prison, and can save him."

"And *will*?" she almost shrieked.

"*And will.*"

"Bless ye, bless ye, for your kind assurance; oh, how I have wronged you!" she exclaimed, bathing his hand with her tears. "Forgive me for speaking so harshly to you—I did not know you then—I did not know you were so good—forgive me!"

"I am afraid you do not know me now," thought Huss.

"And I shall have back my father! my kind, good old father, who loves me so well; and we shall be happy—mother, dear mother, will be happy; oh, how happy! and you will do all this—you will give me back my father—you that I have so vilely wronged."

"Yes, Mary, I will give you back your father—"

"God reward you!" she said, smiling through her tears.

"On one condition!"

"Condition! Condition say you! Is there a condition then? Well, let me hear it!"

"That you give me your *hand*."

Mary looked at him in astonishment, as if doubting her own senses. So long, earnest and searching was her gaze that Huss quailed under it.

"I was looking to see if you were man or devil!" she said, "for nothing short of the evil one himself could invent a scheme so horrid. You heard me affirm but now that I would not marry you, and acquiesced; and saint like raised the hope of my father's liberty; aye, and promised it, too; and when I believed you, and almost saw my father stand before me, and smiling bade God bless you! You raised a condition; my hand, broken vows and plighted faith, the barter. Oh, God! Where sleep thy bolts of retribution that he is not punished for this mockery!" and she bowed her head upon her bosom, and wept.

"You will think better of this, Mary!"

"No, no! you cannot mean so! It is too horrid! 'twas only said to try me! oh, sir!" she continued, kneeling at his feet, "revoke what you have said—remove the horrid condition—stick not for the base barter—do the good action for the sake of good doing—be generous, save the father and spare the child!"

"I have not the supreme felicity to be generous, and therefore cannot

grant it," said Huss, a malignant smile playing over his face, at the thought that he should conquer.

"If you will not for my sake, for your own grant my prayer. Think what must be your feelings should you suffer three human beings to die, for want of succor you can give. Think ye, your victims will not appear to you in the still watches of the night, when you approach, and almost see eye to eye with your God, and shriek in your terrified ears the maledictions that must damn you here and hereafter? Think ye, you will escape the misery of a guilty conscience, the worm that never dies? Undeceive yourself! Forego this horrid condition, for your own sake and mine, and save my father!"

"Why this is well," said Huss with savage joy, "but now I prayed to thee, and for what? Now the table has turned; pray on fair saint, and know how good it is to plead in vain!"

"Monster!" exclaimed Mary, rising to her feet.

"Once for all;" said Huss, his face livid with passion, "will you wed me?"

"I cannot, never, never!"

"Then he dies!"

"Ah! God!—spare—my—fa—"

There was a heavy fall upon the floor. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Pratt rushed out from the sick room, and found Mary in a swoon.

"La, me, what ails the gal? she's got a fit! where's the salts, Mrs. Jones?—rub her limbs warm—the poor dear thing, her troubles is too much for her!—Ah, them salts is doing her good—she opens her eyes—la, dear, how comes all this about?"

Mary sprang to her feet, and looked wildly around her, "He's gone!" she said.

"Who's gone, dear?"

"He—no matter; I fainted, I believe;" she continued, placing her hand upon her forehead and heart, "I am sorry to give you so much trouble. How is my *mother* now?"

"She still slept when we left her room, marm;" said Mrs. Jones.

"I am thankful to hear it; I trust she will be better when she awakes," said Mary, entering the sick room. She found her mother awake. "How do you feel *now*, dear mother?" she asked, taking her hand.

"Better, much better, Mary!"

"Heaven be praised!" said the grateful girl.

"I have had a dream, my child!"

"A dream, dearest mother!"

"He is innocent, Mary; he may suffer, but he is innocent! I learned it in my dream—I saw an angel writing in a book, and did ask—it shook its head, and smiling said; "All will be revealed in heaven!" I thanked the angel, for I understood the smile. It was not a sad smile of pity, but a happy smile that told me my husband was innocent. I shall die much happier, now;—do not weep, my child—I know the world has had few

flowers for thee—I know your path through time must be dark—but you are good, Mary—the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth—let that console thee when I am gone.”

“Dear, dear mother!” sobbed Mary, “do not talk thus sadly;—you will live for many years to come, a guide and blessing to your child!”

“No Mary, no! I feel *death's* approach, and should rejoice at it, were it not for thee. I grieve to leave thee to struggle through the world alone; was *he* here to share with thee—well, well; forgive me! Do not weep—do not despair—the good always find some true friends—*and remember that in your journey through life, you are attended by two angels, Reward and Punishment—sitting upon your right shoulder, and upon your left. If you do a good action, the angel on your right shoulder, writes it down, and seals it up; for what is well done is done forever. You enter at once into your *reward*, Mary! If you do a bad action, my child, the angel on your left shoulder writes it down, but does *not* seal it up—you have a chance for repentance, still; atone for your fault, and in the lone silence of your closet, pour out your soul in secret—truly repent and be forgiven. If you fail to do this—at midnight, when the world's account of *rewards* and *punishments* are made up, *your* account is closed, and the rewarding angel weeps.—There is then *punishment* certain. Remember this, my child, and live to meet the smiles of a reproving conscience. I—I am going, Mary—you are fading from my sight—I feel your hand—it trembles—fear not—bless ye—bless——”

Her last breath was with her child.

CHAPTER VIII.

“It is decreed, and we must yield to fate,
Whose angry justice, though it threatens ruin,
Contempt and poverty, is all but trial
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.

FORD.

It is not necessary for our story to follow Mary through the trying scene that followed; her mother's funeral—nor to picture her untiring devotion to her father through this painful trial—suffice it to say she bore all un murmuring. The evidence brought against Kale, was nothing positive; but circumstances were so strong that it was impossible to clear him. Kale's known sympathy for the “anti-renters,” had its own weight with the juror, who thought it necessary to make a public example, in order to break up their lawless doings. His ever manifest hate towards the young man was highly pictured—his threatenings on the evening of the murder, were sworn to by Huss in extravagant language—and even Michael's testimony went

*This idea is borrowed.

to show that he felt revengeful towards his master. Coupled to this were the facts of Kale's being from home through the night—the finding of the bloody frock and dagger the next morning in the cellar—the ribbon tied around the sleeve of the frock, recognized by Mary as given to her lover the previous evening; were evidences of his guilt too strong for refutation. Kale was offered by the Court the privilege of turning as evidence for the state;—had the offer of free pardon, if he would inform against his accomplices, and give up the body of the murdered young man to his distressed family. Kale persisted in his innocence, and therefore had no accomplices; he knew nothing of the young man's murder, and therefore could not give up his body. The case was given to the juror, and they rendered their verdict upon the broad argument laid down in holy writ, that if a man be guilty in the least degree, he is guilty of the whole. They looked upon him not only as the murderer of George Arlin, but of Von Alstine and his wife. They found him *guilty*.

In the damp, cold cell, sat the father and child. Kale upon a straw mattress, lying upon a rough stone slab firm in the side of the cell, and his daughter seated on the only stool the place afforded. She held her father's hand; and the faint light coming through a grated window, revealed terrors upon the cheeks of both. It was the morning of execution.

"I thank you, father, for the assurance;" said Mary, following up the conversation that had proved too painful for them both, "how horrid to be branded as a felon; to stand upon the scaffold in presence of thousands who call thee murderer; to be lauded by the evil ones, and hailed as brother; to suffer *death*, and know thyself innocent. Could you not prove where you were on that horrid night?"

"How could I? The letter that informed me of your meeting with the young man, also informed me if I would come alone to a certain rock (described) upon the banks of the river, I should learn more of the young man's intentions towards you. I know not the hand-writing, but finding the first statement in the note *true*, I did not suspect the other. I left you, as you remember at the door, and sought the place assigned. I found two men there before me, strangers; and not dreaming of treachery, I approached them; when I was seized, thrown upon the ground, my feet tied together, my hands behind my back, and a bandage over my eyes. Contented with what they had accomplished, my *friends* left me. Oh, the agony of that long night! I suffered less for myself, than for you, my child, and your mother. I knew what must be your feelings; I knew you would watch for my return the whole night, and the knowledge added fury to my strength; I wrenched upon my cords till they were into my very flesh, and the blood started from my wrists; all in vain. Thus passed away the night, and morning came at last, and with it my tormenters. They unbound my hands and then left me. Removing the bandage from my eyes as soon as possible, I saw them making from me, toward the woods; but I could not follow them, my feet were tied; I had no knife to cut the cord,

and the knot was hard and fast from the pressure I had given it in my attempts to free myself. At length it gave way, and I was a free man; but they had gained Rentwood, and eluded pursuit. Vainly searching for them a whole hour, I returned home; you know the rest."

"Why did you not tell this in court, father?"

"They would not have believed it, child; I could prove nothing; and they would have called it a story of my invention, and thus I should be called a liar as well as murderer."

"Can you not guess, who is at the bottom of all this?"

"I think I can, my child; Oh! it is God's judgment upon me, to reward me for my treachery towards thee."

"Do not say so, father; you meant it all for good."

"I was blinded, Mary, to your happiness, and my good. I hated the young man because he was rich, and because I thought I could detect on his proud face, and in his prouder tone, a feeling of superiority over the poor man's daughter, whom he would seduce. I would not listen to reason that plead for you; I would not hear a word; but sacrificed my child to punish him. I robbed her of happiness; I broke her heart and doomed her to a long, long life of misery! Wretch that I was! justly am I rewarded!"

"Father! father! do not talk so! if you love me, not a word more!" sobbed the almost distracted girl.

"This is not all; besides sacrificing my child, I have killed my wife."

"No, no, no; not that! She believed you innocent, father; and dying bade God bless thee!"

"'Tis a pleasure to hear you say so, my child; and do you forgive me too? Can you forgive all that I have caused you to suffer, and all that you may suffer for years to come?"

"If I had any thing to *forgive*, I would most freely! I have rather to thank *you* for all you have *done* for me; for your kind forbearance with my many faults; for your generous supply of my many wants; for all your care; for all—Oh, God! Your death-bell, father! would that it knolled for me!"

"You are too young to wish to die, my child;" said Kale, kissing the pale forehead of his daughter.

"They are *all* gone, when you have left me, that I love on earth; who should I wish to live?"

"To see justice done your father's memory; for be sure this hellish plot will be unravelled, and men confess me innocent. Then shall my death be raised another argument with the many, for the abolition of "Capital Punishment!" Live my child, and the while remember that there are spirits in the other world, looking down upon their lone child in this, with the care of guardian angels; and let the thought purify thy life, and strengthen thy resolves! The jailer comes! bear up, my child; 'twill soon be over.

"Your time has come," he said.

"I am prepared; lead on! Lean on my arm, Mary;" he whispered to his child, "be calm, and let the gaping multitude see, that we can suffer without a murmur."

At the door they were received by the Sheriff and officers in attendance, and with solemn tread marched towards the scaffold. It was erected in the yard, a short distance from the jail door. A line of soldiers were drawn up on either side of the passage leading to the gallows, to guard the prisoner, as it was rumored that Big Thunder and his band, intended to rescue him. Beyond was the multitude, sweeping from the very foot of the gallows out into the distance, filling the whole yard and streets beyond; a vast multitude—thousands and thousands, collected, to witness the *Law's revenge*.

With becoming fortitude, Mary supported herself till she came to the outer door and looked out upon that vast assembly. One face she singled out among all the rest; one eye met hers, which exultingly seemed to say "now have I conquered! now are you mine!" Jerry Huss stood directly beneath the scaffold. With swimming eyes she turned away, "Oh, God! support me! I can go no farther," she sobbed, and would have sunk to the floor had not her father caught her in his arms, and folded her to his breast.

"Father in Heaven!" exclaimed the old man, "temper the mind to the shorn lamb! Be thou her support thro' this trying scene; and when I am gone, shelter her Lord, beneath thy wing." And he pressed her to his bosom as he would enshrine her within his heart. "God I thank thee for this! She will not see her father die!"

Mary had fallen into one of those moods noticed before, when wrought up to such a pitch by suffering, that it held supreme control over all her other faculties, and suffering, still she knew it not.

"What shall I do with her?" cried the agonized old man, "what will become of her when I am gone? Who will give shelter to a *murderer's* child?"

"I will provide for her!" said an old gentleman, who had witnessed the scene; almost choking with emotion.

Kale regarded the strangers benevolent countenance for a few moments in silence, trying to guess where he had seen it before. "At the trial!" he said, as if thinking aloud.

"Yes, at the trial!" said the stranger as divining his thoughts, "will you, give your daughter to me?"

"Are you a father?"

"I was once!" answered the stranger, his voice trembling with emotion.

"You want a child, and *my* child a father! Take her, and God bless ye! Farewell, Mary!" and giving her one lingering, fervent kiss upon her brow, as if his whole soul was poured out with it, he placed her in the arms of the stranger. "No shaft can reach me now!" he said, and with a firm step he walked between the files of soldiers, up the steps, and stood upon the scaffold, eye to eye with the multitude. As he gazed down upon the

vast sea of human faces upturned towards him, his soul almost sickened within him. "What come they to see?" he asked himself, "the old and the young are here; young men and maidens, the good man, and the villain, all are here; all mingling together for one object, for one end; What? To witness a lawful murder. Well, look on; look your fill; aye, glut your eyes with my dying struggles; and then go home, and before you retire to rest, thank God you are no murderer!"

"Shall I pray with you, my son?" said the clergyman who had followed Kale upon the scaffold.

"I have no fear for the future, sir, and as the part I play in this affair is more painful to *me* that it would seem to be, to the thousands that have come here to witness, you will pardon me if I decline your kind offer." I would end this farce as soon as possible. I am ready!"

The old man knelt down, and as the Hangman stepped forward to draw the white cap over his face, to shut out the light of day forever, the stillness that reigned over that vast multitude was almost startling. Through its length and breadth, all was hushed, like the awful pause in *nature*, e'er the loud thunder rolls. Hark! a sound breaks on the ear from the distant street; nearer and more near it comes, and sweeping over that startled crowd to the kneeling man a herald of mercy! "Stay the execution! stay the execution!"

CHAPTER IX.

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?"
[Shakespeare.]

Our readers will excuse us if we go back some fourteen hours in time, and take them into the midst of the large field stretching from John Kale's humble (and now deserted) house to the Rentwood forest, and from the public highway to the Hudson, where was seated two figures. One was seated upon a pile of loose stones thrown together, the other crouched on the ground at his side. The moon had entered a cloud, so it was impossible to discover if they were white or black; but if we listen we shall know them.

"Och! its no use Misthur Tige; we might sarch from noo till [Christmas, an' be noon the wiser, a'tall a'tall," said he, sitting upon the pile of stones. "Sure he has taken his precious boody along wid him; and here we have bin kilt a hoondheed times, an' ivery time warser thin the tother,

for his blissid sake. Hive'nt I warked through all the woods and bogs hereabouts, all bekase the ould jintleman offered a thousand dollars for his boody, bating the love I bear himslf? Och, I'm not the boy to complain, misthur Tige; but jist tell me the use ov this, ony how? Oh-ho-ho-ho! its nation could;" he continued, drawing an old blanket closer around him, and taking from the skirt-pocket of his coat a bottle which he applied to his mouth, and relinquished with a hearty smack of the lips. "Upon my sowl its the raal crathur; May the blissid virgin keep a jinerous supply of the like. Jist taste it, misther Tige! An' is it you that turns away, afthur the example I've sit these four years? Well, by the powers ye don't knew what is good, an' its Michael Flynn that tills ye so, ye divil; mind that. Och, its himself that will dhrink for us both, and not wink. "Here's success to all yer undertakings, misthur Tige; an' may ye niver want for a frind to take all unplisint jobs like the prisint, off yer hands." Here he took another hearty pull at the bottle. "Ahem! it jist touches the right spot," he said, replacing the bottle in his coat pocket. "Come misthur Tige, we might jist as will give it up, and jog aloong; for I feels nation tired and hungry, like; and I shant be afthar ateing the brid I have with me till we gets into a warmer coonthry." Saying which, pulling the blanket still closer around him, to protect his body as much as possible from the keen night wind, he resumed his walk. His course lay towards the river, in order to gain the more even ground, as he proposed to pass by the Kale Cottage on his route. "Come misthur Tige, jist go ahid wid ye, an' if ye fall intoo ony bog-hools, spake an' tell us ov it, an' its Michael Flynn that will pull ye oot. Och! its as dark as *pargathory*, ivery bit." In this way making himself as agreeable as possible, he pursued his way as well as the ground and darkness would permit. Sometimes he would run against a stray stone, at others step into a deep hole, which would ony cause him to exclaim, "by the powers! Och, its the divil's own hool!" And he would pursue his way as fast as before, for he had a notion to be in the City on the next morning to witness the execution of his master's murderer. He had nearly reached the path which he knew lay along the river, when he was startled by a bright light upon the ground directly before him. "The good Lord definde us! By St. Dennis, St. Patrick, an' all the rist of the dead an' gone Saints, I charge you to leave me! Away with ye, an' don't be afthur leading off a good throe christian to dim his sowl! I knows what ye be Jack-o-lanturn, an' I'm not to be taken in by ye! Och don't be afthur spaking to him in that unchristian manner, misthur Tige," he said to his dog, who sprang towards the light with a sharp bark. "It'le not understand ye, a'tall-a'tall! May-be it will tempt ye into some ould church-yard, ye divil, so jist be civil to it. Though faith I would'nt mind it much, if it would only lead me to my masthur." As Michael began to oe a little accustomed to the glaring object before him, it lost its potency; and, what at first appeared to his startled senses, a very *ignis fatuus*, the horror of his countrymen, now appeared but a faint light scarcely percep-

tible, enlivened by innumerable fiery sparks shooting up into the darkness. "By the powers!" he exclaimed, "an' its only a fire, afthur all; it glared like a sarpint' at first, though. Come along misthur Tige, we'll have a bit of a warmin', ony how." Thus saying he walked up to the light, when his astonishment broke forth again. "Och! an' the divil of a fire is it afthur all; but a living volcanoo, as I live! Whoiver heard of the like in York? Here's a discivery for ye, Misthur Tige; red hot fire comin' oot of the grooned. By the powers, there's somebody here! hold on a bit till I see!" Voices were heard coming in the direction of the river; and, Mishael giving a low word to his dog, which it understood for silence, crept to the verge of the bank where it made a bold leap of some thirty feet to the water below. Upon a shelf of projecting rock nearly at the water's level, stood two men whose voices had attracted Michael's attention. One of them held a lighted torch, which sent its lurid glare far out on the river.

"Come along cap'en," said he with the torch, "and let the critter alone. It's getting to be d—m cold here."

"Yes, and its time we were off, if we think to see the old fellow swing to-morrow," said his companion.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the man addressed as 'captain,' coming out from (what appeared) the solid rock, "he's got a little fire in him yet; though I reckon when we visit him again, it will burn rather low."

The trio entered a boat standing alongside, turned it down the river; and was soon lost to sight in the distance.

"I should jist like to know a wee bit, where thim divils come from!" said Michael, peering down into the darkness, "an' what they was doin' there, ony how." As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he thought he could discern the rock, on which the three stood that had just left him. "Can ye tell a feller hoo to git doon there misthur Tige? Way doon there on that rock," he said, pointing to the desired spot. Tige understanding, left his master and took his way down the bank of the river, which gradually fell away and at no great distance sloped to the water's edge. A plunge in the water followed the dogs departure; and in a few minutes, his quick paddling was heard in the river beneath.

"An' is that the way ye tell me to get there? by the powers, honey, I can't swim!"

Tige sprang upon the rock, and lustily shook the water from his sides.

"Och, yer laffin' at me! yer an ongrateful dog, ye are, and by the hilp of the blssid virgin, I'll be even wid ye yer divil."

Elated with the new idea that had entered his brain, Michael started to his feet; and, removing the blanket from his shoulders, tore it into strips, which he tied together, and fastening one end of his new invention to a shrub growing on the bank, he let himself down upon the rock, beside his dog.

"Here I am misthur Tige, ivey bit oy me, an' not a hair wet on my head

ither. By the powers, its mighty dark up there, and hoo to git *back* that same way, bothers my noddle."

Michael began now to look about him. He found himself at the mouth of a cave, the extent of which his eyes could not reach. He entered. A large fire burned in a rude stone chimney, built to convey the smoke to the world above, lighting up the place with an unnatural glare, casting grim shadows from the projecting rocks far into the distance, dark and foreboding. A cold chill ran through Michael's blood, and a feeling of awe crept over him as he gazed, with nothing to relieve the eye but impenetrable darkness.

"This must be another pargathory; for by the powers, 'tis mighty like one. May the Lord dehnd us, if it is!" he said, crossing himself. "What the matthur wid ye misthur Tige? What have ye found ye divil?" he said to his dog, who had wandered from him, and now came bounding back with manifestations of delight, and then started off again. Taking from the fire a burning pine knot, Michael followed, and a few steps brought him upon the body of a man apparently lifeless, lying at full length on a pile of coarse straw. Approaching him he held the torch to his face.

"By all the dead an' gone Saints, 'tis my masthur, or his blissid ghost! masthur, yer honor, is it yerself that's here? if it is, spake an' tell us ov it, an' by the powers I'll dance an Irish jig on the top ov my head, for joy. Get out of the way Tige, an' don't be afthur lickin' his honor's face wid yer dim nasty mouth; oot of the way, an' let me be afthur seein' if there's ony blissid life in himsilf."

Michael placed his hand upon his face, and thought he could perceive a little warmth. Thus encouraged, he brought forth the well known bottle of the "raal crathur," the sight of which never failed to raise a sparkle in his own eyes.

"Ah! by the powers, this would bring a saint back to life!" he said, while he forced some portion of the precious liquor into the unfortunate man's mouth. The spirit worked itself through his frame, and like the subtle essence of life made itself felt in every nerve. In a few minutes, Michael had the satisfaction of seeing his master open his eyes.

"Tol de rol, de rol, de rol,
Tol de rol, de ra re rary."

Sang Michael, dancing and capering for joy. Tige ran barking after him, making the whole arch ring with his heavy voice. "That's right shout ye divil, an' niver leave off dancin' as long as ye live; our masthur's alive and kickin'; Tol de rol, re rary." Having shook off his excess of joy, Michael returned to his master.

"Is that you Michael?" he asked in a feeble voice.

"Me? to be sure it is, your honor, ivery bit of me; ready to die or live in your blissid honor's service."

"How came you here, Michael?"

"I didn't came, yer honor, I lit myself down wid my ould blanket.

"I am almost famished, for the want of food, cannot you procure me some?"

"*Food* is it, yer honor? By the powers havn't I as dainty a piece of brid as the sowl could wish? There it is yer honor, an' a bit of fish too, though I suppose yer honor won't ate that?"

"Anything, Michael, anything; only to stop this knawing that is consuming my vitals. But first liberate my arms; they have been bound in this position nearly a month."

"God hilp yer honor, an' forgive me for not seein' it afore," said Michael, taking a knife from the receptacle of all his effects, and cutting the cord around his master's wrist, which was attached to a short rope made fast to a ring in the wall.

"I believe I have lost the use of my arms entirely! Rub them, Michael, rub them hard! There is no feeling in them! There, that will do; they will gradually come to themselves; I need food more than I need my arms. I hav'nt tasted food for three whole days."

"May they niver have ony thin' to ate as long as they live, the devils! May they be starved in this world, an' the nixt, all together intirely!" said Michael, in honest indignation at his master's ill treatment. "Thin yer honor mus'nt ate a great dale; here," he continued turning some of the contents of his bottle upon a small piece of bread. "Ate that yer honor?" and he placed a portion of it in his master's mouth. "Yer honor mus'nt ate too fast; it is'nt according to the doctor's book, at all a'tall; it distracts the stomach, yer honor;" here he put another piece of the bread into the mouth of the famishing man; and so on, mite after mite, till the stock was exhausted he had allotted him.

"Och! it's as good as grace to sore eyes, to see yer honor. We thought ye was kilt, sure."

"The olow I received," said George, his voice made a little stronger, though he spoke now with difficulty, "was slight. It was merely a flesh wound. It deprived me of my senses at the time, it is true; but I soon came to myself again, though very weak with the loss of blood. I was brought to this place, and my wounds dressed as well as their little knowledge and limited means would allow. As my wound began to heal and my strength to return, thinking I might be troublesome, they bound and secured me to the wall as you found me. Otherwise, with the exception of their abusive remarks, they used me kindly. About a fortnight since their conduct changed towards me. My food was served out to me in quantities growing smaller and smaller, each successive day, until it was reduced to a mere morsel; and, as the bully chief brought it to me, and put it in my mouth, a fiendish joy would light his devil's face, and he would smle to see my greedy mastication, and linger in hopes I would plead for more; but I did not. No! thank God, I *did not*! I had strength to suffer *through*, and not kneel to him. At length they cut me off entirely, and for three days I have not tasted food. They brought me here; dressed my

wounds; gave me back to life, only that I might die a lingering death by starvation. Oh! the misery of the last three days! A hundred deaths could not embody the sufferings crowded into that space and endured by me alone. But I am free again; and will forth to meet——"

"Stop, stop, yer honor! Ye hiv'nt strength to git up yet, at all a'tall!"

"I believe I hav'nt, Michael; the thought of the misery I had suffered, fired my soul beyond my strength. I will keep quiet for a while, for the greatest object I have to live for is to give *him* a slight taste of what I have suffered."

"The greatest? Yer honor forgits the gal."

"Only for the moment! How is she, Michael?"

"Och! she is very poorly, yer honor! How the little darlint cried and took on, at the ould jintleman's trial! I'm shure they all ——"

"Trial!" interrupted George, what do you mean? What trial?"

"Och! may the divil rin away wid them all, for that same! And he is innocent afthur all; he is innocent!"

"Will you explain yourself, Michael?"

"Explain is it? By the powers, I believe it is explained now, yer honor. Och! the poor darlint's father!"

"Well, what of him?"

"He's going to be hanged for kiltin' yer honor's self, and all the rest of ye, an' here ye are alive and kickin'!"

"Hanged! Where? when, when, Michael?"

"To-morrow morning, yer honor, at Troy."

"Great God! What are the proofs against him?"

Michael went on in his own circumlocutious manner, to inform his master of all he knew in the matter; and little as it was, it was sufficient to let George into the secret.

"The fiend," he exclaimed, springing to his feet with strength lent him from the power and energy of his mind and purpose. "This must be prevented. A bloody frock and dagger found in his cellar, say you?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"This must be looked into;" and he rushed to the mouth of the cave.

"Yes, yer honor; but how's yer honor goin' to git away?" asked Michael a little puzzled.

"The same way you came."

Michael felt for the fragments of his blanket against the rock. "By the powers!" he said, if yer honor climbs this; yer bate the divil, whin he tried to climb back to Heaven, ony how."

"It will be a hard matter, I know," said George despondingly; "is there no boat, here?"

"A divil a bit, yer honor; they took it away wid them."

"Then we must try t——nabbing;" and suiting the action to the word,

George grappled the rope: but with all the strength he could throw into his arms he could not raise his body from the firm rock on which he stood. He had forgotten in his zeal to get away, that his arms were almost palsied.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "this is indeed unfortunate. "What's to be done? Our only chance of getting off is now by some passing boat in the morning, when it will be too late to save him. This is horrible! What must she not have suffered; how keen her suffering now! To-morrow she will be fatherless, motherless, friendless; and *he*, that is the cause of all this; God knows the innocent cause, who should be near to cheer, help and sustain, perhaps to save, is prevented by blind fate. Cruel, cruel necessity!" and retracing his steps, he crouched upon the earth beside the fire; and, shattered as he was by sickness, weak with long fasting, sore with disappointment, agonized with the thought of Mary's suffering; it is no wonder that he gave way to his feelings and wept. He did not falter long, however, but springing to his feet, exclaiming, "I'll know the extent of this infernal hole! I'll know if there's no chance of escape!" And seizing a flaming pine knot, he proceeded to explore his subterranean prison. Upon the left he came upon a narrow opening leading out from the main hall, which he entered.

"Where's yer blissed honor goin'?" asked Michael, a little alarmed at the dark prospect before them.

"George did not answer, but pushed on, leaving the Irishman the dreadful alternative of remaining alone if he did not choose to follow. He therefore, took up the line of march, his faithful Tige, bringing up the rear. For some hundred yards they pursued their way uninterrupted, when the subterranean suddenly narrowed, and there was scarcely breadth between the rugged walls, sufficient for a man to squeeze himself through.

"By the powers, this must be the devil's own hole! Shure yer honor's not goin' in there," exclaimed Michael, struck all aback.

George was through, however, and Michael was obliged to follow. Getting upon the other side it was better doing again; though their progress was occasionally interrupted by rocks projecting from side to side as if to strengthen the masonry of the whole. These they were obliged either to crawl under or overleap. In this manner they pursued their way, to them almost an immeasurable distance, the channel growing narrower, and less lofty until it terminated altogether.

"Destruction!" exclaimed George, breaking silence for the first time since he entered the gloomy vault, "here's an end to hope in this direction; we have only to retrace our steps Michael; and that speedily. I was almost sure this would lead us out," he continued bringing his torch-light to bear upon the terminating wall, when its singular appearance attracted his attention. It was formed by a series of stones, one piled upon the other, to appearance entirely disconnected.

"Nature never formed this work," he said, taking hold of a stone, and

applying to it all the strength he was master of; it fell out and from him with a loud crash. So quick was it done, and so unexpected was the result, that George almost started from his feet; and Michael invoked the aid of the saints for their mutual protection. It was but a moment that George hesitated, and thrusting the lighted knot through the aperture, looked in.

"We are in a habitable world at all events," said George, getting through the hole he had made; "here are boxes, tubs and barrels; earthen jars and iron pots in all quantities; come along in, Michael; what do you fear?"

"Och, yer honor," said Michael, entering and looking tremblingly about him, "shure we've bin through pargathory an' landed in the devil's own kitchen."

"What matters it if we are? here's a flight of stairs that will take us up to earth," said George mounting the steps, which brought him upon well-known grounds. "Do you know where you are, Michael?" he asked, a smile lighting up his wane face.

"By the powers!" exclaimed Michael, looking in astonishment about him, "if this arnt Mistrur Kale's house, thin I must be dreaming, sure."

"Now can I account for Loper's finding the bloody dress in his cellar; now can I see through this hellish plot! Come, sir, we must be in Troy tomorrow, before the morning is three hours old."

"What twenty miles, yer honor! Ye'll niver be able to walk it, at all a'tall."

5. "Never fear for me ; I am quite strong again."

nobly for others; care of her counted themselves down his burden
 and neglect that not only. As he bent down to her, but more
 honest heart, so faithfully tried, so warmly loved, in her lover's arms,
 he wiped away; and, when he looked down upon his child, that slight in-
 to a woman—woman, for I felt that she was resting upon his name would
 ends necessary to justice and mercy; that now light would show itself in
 was, mood growing up; for he felt that, of it his wisdom would show the
 to his own consciousness, their hearts set in better judgment on that point,
 breaded and barren in later—he felt that before that day's meeting

CHAPTER X.

"And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents,
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous."

[Shakspeare.

"Stay the execution! stay the execution!" and the crowd giving away, George Arlin pale and haggard rushed to the foot of the gallows. That welcomed sound, like the "last trump" waking up the dead, recalled the wandering senses of the sorrowing girl, and shrieking her lover's name, she sprang into his arms.

"Great God! my son, my son!" exclaimed the benevolent stranger, who had promised Kale protection to his child. My boy has returned! My boy has returned!" and the old man would have rushed into his son's arms also, had they not been preoccupied.

"Yes, by the powers, ivery bit ov him, and more too; an' I found him, yer honor, I found him," said Michael, his thoughts running on the promised reward.

And *he* that but now stood on the brink of the grave—he that had settled up his account with time and things, and prepared himself to meet the dreaded and uncertain future—he that had knelt before that vast assembly of his own countrymen, their hearts set in bitter judgment against him, *now* stood proudly up; for he felt that God in his wisdom would shape his ends according to justice and mercy; that new light would show itself in the horizon—*proudly*, for he felt that the stain resting upon his name would be wiped away; and, when he looked down upon his child, that slight innocent being, so fearfully tried, so wofully bereaved, in her lover's arms, and reflected that not only *he* had been given back to her, but most probably her father; tears of joy coursed themselves down his furrowed cheek.

What can we say of Jerry Huss? How picture his jealous rage at beholding his victim in the arms of his favored rival? How give expression to his disappointment at beholding the fabric he had reared tumble to the dust? With exulting joy he had witnessed her lover's overthrow, followed her father to the scaffold; and, prophetically he looked to the time, when, bereft of father, mother, lover—when denied by friends who would have no sympathy for a murderer's child—when rejected by humanity, driven into the streets a houseless, homeless wanderer; a starving outcast; she would joy to find protection even in the arms of Jerry Huss. So had he calculated, so hoped, only to be disappointed. Stung to the soul, he grasped the

handle of a sharp pointed dagger in his bosom, and started forward with bloody intent; but, the dense crowd collected around the united hearts, barred his progress, and for the moment staid his purpose. Releasing his hold of the dagger, he muttered, "I will have her yet! You may fold her to your heart—you may enjoy her now! but make the most of it! My time will come!"

So overjoyed was Mary at her lover's return, that for the moment she forgot the thousand eyes that were upon her, and wept for joy upon George's bosom.

"Thank heaven, you are safe!" she exclaimed; "thank heaven, you are not murdered, and you have come back to save my father! You have come back to refute the base charge brought against him—to take the rope from the innocent man's neck, and give him back his good name! God's hand is in this!"

"Yes, Mary, that is my purpose; and with His divine assistance, I will accomplish it," said George, and giving Mary over to his father and greeting the old man silently with a warm shake of the hand, he ascended and stood beside Kale upon the scaffold; and facing the gaping multitude, he thus addressed them, in a voice a little tremulous from excitement:

"Fellow citizens! I am here to save, and denounce! I am here to succor an innocent old man, who has been made the victim of hellish arts; and to denounce the base calumniator, and foul murderer. You see in me the individual for whose supposed murder, in connection with the assassination of the unfortunate Von Alstine, this old man was about to suffer death. It is unnecessary for me to enter into details *here*, at a proper time and place I shall do so, but only to affirm that I was present at the dreadful affray—that I saw the knife descend to drink the life's blood of my friend—that I at once recognized the fiend that dealt the blow! and with the resentment the occasion required, sought to revenge his death. But I was overpowered by numbers; receiving a thrust from an unknown dagger, which nearly proved fatal to me. After which, I was conveyed to an under-ground prison, where I have since dragged out a miserable existence till last night, when I providentially made my escape. The murderer is not the old man that now stands beside me, who, though innocent, was about to suffer the penalty due to the greatest crime known to human laws; but Jerry Huss, the nefarious "Big Thunder," Chief of the "Anti-renters!" And he pointed down directly into the upturned face of the daring leader.

The fiery flash of his eye, and the involuntary start of Huss, under the accusing look and denotive finger of George, revealed him to all. Huss saw his danger—he read his doom in every eye around; and his first impulse was to rush upon the scaffold, sheath his dagger in the heart of his accuser, and then turn the point upon himself, and thus die befitting the fame he had acquired—befitting "Big Thunder." But a second thought

brought his unoffending victim before his mind's eye, her whom he had sworn to possess, at the risk of his immortal soul, brought back the love of life, the love of adventure, and entirely changed his purpose. Free himself from this motley crowd, and he was "Big Thunder," again. It was worth trying for. He could not depend upon the few that were with him; for he knew it to be useless to fight against such odds; and as they were not suspected, he knew they would not willingly draw suspicions upon themselves; nor did he wish it. He must depend upon himself. All this passed through his mind in a tenth part of the time that it takes to relate it; and drawing the dagger from his bosom, with a fierce yell he rushed upon the crowd. He had calculated aright. His sudden bound, fierce yell and glittering steel, struck panic into the foremost of the crowd, which gave way at his approach. Those in the rear not knowing the cause of the outcry, nor the nature of the danger that threatened them, also gave way, falling back on either side like the mighty waters of the "Red Sea," rolled back by the Almighty's hand, giving passage to the Israelites. He had nearly reached the limits of the crowd, in a minute he would be free, when a giant's grasp was fixed upon his uplifted arm; his feet were struck out from under him, and Loper threw himself upon the body of the prostrate Chief.

In a rich and elegantly furnished room was seated a fair young girl. A bright coal fire was burning in the grate, into which she was gazing with a sort of dreamy abstraction, as if her thoughts were wandering far from self. A slight rustling noise caused her to start, and approaching a bed she drew back its rich silken curtains, and looked in. The bed was occupied by a young man, whose face was thin and pale as an invalid for weeks confined, and his wasted frame looked like one in the consumption. As the girl approached his pillow, he slowly opened and fixed his eyes upon her lovely face with a searching and inquiring look. Was he dreaming? He had an indistinct recollection of strange events—of an angel's hovering around him in his dreams; and as he gazed upon the bright being before him he almost persuaded himself that she was indeed a visitant from the world of spirits. "Mary," he murmured.

"Ah! he knows me!" joyfully exclaimed the girl. "Thank Heaven he has returned to consciousness and reason!"

"Is it indeed you, Mary? Then it is not all a dream? And yet strange visitations of memory fill my brain from the past—strange mingling of evil and good—of dark—yes, yes, I remember it all!—tell me, Mary, where am I? What has happened to me? The last I remember —"

"Nay, nay, you must not talk. You have been ill, dangerously ill, but now you are better—the crisis is passed! Thank God for it," she said, fervently. "But you must not be imprudent. You must close your eyes and try to rest."

"Tell me at least what became of that monster Huss! what of your father, and where I am now?"

"Compose yourself and I will. When you had so nobly vindicated my father, and denounced the guilty man, your strength which had been impaired by previous distress and sickness, and which had been sustained thus far, only by your determined mind and the desire to do your duty, gave way, and you became insensible. Jerry Huss was taken and conveyed to prison, where he now awaits his trial. My dear father was set at liberty, and assisted *your* father in removing you to your home, where you now are, blessing you for his life, and that of his child."

"How does he feel towards me now, Mary? Will he consent to our union?"

"We will not talk about that now, George, you need rest—sleep, and to-morrow I will let you talk a little."

"Indulge me in this, dearest."

"I know not his feelings" she said, "except I judge from the anxiety he has manifested towards you through your sickness. If to watch by you night and day—to listen, and hasten to procure any want suggested in your delirium—to soothe and tranquillize your feelings, when contending with some powerful enemy, or watch your quiet slumbers—be tokens of love, then have his feelings changed towards you."

"I am grateful for it; and how stands my suit with you, Mary?" he asked pressing the little hand that lay upon the bed beside him.

A blush suffused the handsome face of the girl, as she drew a miniature from her bosom attached to a gold chain around her neck, and held it up to the gaze of the young man.

"You are mine?"

"Forever!"

He drew her down towards him, she yielding to his gentle force, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips which she blushing returned.

"Not a word more," she said playfully, "I must begin to use my authority, so go to sleep and get well as soon as possible." And she left the room.

Two months passed away, and George having recovered from his severe illness, asked of Kale the hand of his daughter in marriage. The old man with much show of feelings, gave his consent. He had suffered much, and he looked upon it as a just punishment, sent upon him by a reproving God, for his blind wilfulness in perverting the good intentions of a noble young man, and endangering his daughter's happiness, he had passed through the refiner's fire and come out bright. His eyes were opened, and he had learned to judge of the tree by its fruit—of men by their actions, and not by his own prejudiced feelings—and in short he was happy in living with his daughter after her marriage with George Arlin, to enjoy that wealth

which he once pretended so utterly to despise. Though to his credit be it said, he never lost an opportunity when he could succor the distressed, or aid the unfortunate.

Errata. Page 6, 2d line from the bottom, reads *lads*—should read *lords*.
Page 10, 4th line from the bottom, reads *strong*—should read *stony*.

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